



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page

PEOPLE who go to Muskoka in the summer may have had their attention called to an insect known as the pine-borer. It has the most remarkable industry, and what can possibly be the inspiration of its incessant and arduous labors it is difficult to guess. One of these little creatures will get into a pine log and grind, grind, interminably. You may strike the log, but it will only stop work for an instant, then its small auger resumes boring. It will not be diverted. It sleeps in its tracks. If you keep note of it you will hear its operations at almost any hour of the day, and if you wake up in the night its grind will sound loud and harsh in the moonlit silence. But when the pine-borer has ended his days what has he accomplished with all his unparalleled industry? He has reproduced his kind and he has left the pine log poorer than he found it. That is about as much as can be said for a great many men, who grind almost night and day, who seek what they call gain, who sink their little shafts deeper and deeper into the log of business and call each twist of the auger an advancement—but all to what end? When all is done, the most that can be said is that they have reproduced their kind, and it is a question whether they have not left the "log" worse than they found it. A man needs money that he may give the benefits of civilization to his family and to himself. He may need money to extend these benefits to others beyond his own family circle—as in building railways, ships, and extending manufactures. But too many, starting out in life with the right view that money has no value except at the moment when it is serving to make purchase of some desirable thing, grow into a love for the acquisition of money on its own account, deny themselves much, become hard and grasping, make enemies, forfeit friendships, lose the confidence of children, and grimly grind as the years go by, until, should the man that was met and know the man that is, he would shun him as being all that he despised.

Men come and go in Toronto. Scarcely a month passes but one hears of some man who has died suddenly leaving much unfinished business in the world. He had started with nothing, built up a prosperous business, acquired wife and children, but Death snuffed him out while his greater plans remained unfulfilled. He had been working like a pine-borer—driving his little tunnel, day and night, joying in each advance and turning aside for nothing. He had promised himself rest and recreation later on. He would travel and see the world. He would take things easy, after awhile. But he was overworking himself, and having always done so, did not know that he was doing it. Consuming all his energies and never pausing to replenish them, some part of his fine mechanism snapped, and there was an end of him. Until he passes his fortieth year a man can abuse himself without requiring to answer for it immediately. After that age nature accepts no more promissory notes on the distant future, and quite a few prosperous men who have been bad managers of self, have dropped off in Toronto at about the age of forty-five. They had no knowledge of the fact that a man can do more work in nine hours than in ten, and can transact more business satisfactorily in eleven months than in twelve.

THIS year Toronto has a Mayor who dreams of grand things that should be done for the city, and is accused of neglecting to push forward those ordinary affairs that need doing every year for the comfort of the city's inhabitants. If Mayor Coatsworth would actually set in motion some one big undertaking for the permanent improvement of Toronto, some might feel disposed to excuse his disdain for the drudgery of looking after the work that has to be done annually. We have had dreamers before, and it may be as well to inform the Mayor that most people regard him as a mere player with words when he talks of the big things that Toronto ought to do and that he thinks of undertaking. Nobody really expects him to do anything more important than talk up a programme that will assist him to re-election. People regard him thus for two reasons: first, because he has never been much of a man for doing important things, and if he were a great man he could not have maintained so complete a disguise all these years; secondly, his talk is much like the vain talk of a long row of predecessors, each of whom quit office leaving the city about as he found it. But if Emerson Coatsworth wants to confuse his enemies and astonish his friends, the opportunity invites him. Toronto is going to be a very large city, and yet no provision has been made by the municipality for the future—for any day but the one that is passing. Our main streets are not of our own planning—they are the old concession lines of the townships we have consumed, or they are old military roads that were originally cut through the bush for the convenience of an earlier time and without thought of the city of to-day or the greater city of to-morrow. As successive sections of agricultural lands have been annexed to the city, each has been taken over as it stood, blocked off into streets to suit the fancy of the property-owners and without any view to perfecting any general plan for the city as a whole. As a result we have a city built upon no plan whatever. We have not enough cross-town streets, and no thoroughfares reaching diagonally from the center to the outskirts. In the business center the streets are too narrow, and already the sidewalks cannot accommodate the crowds that pass along them. More space for pedestrians is a necessity, but it cannot be had unless the street car tracks are elevated, or single tracks substituted—cars going down Yonge and up Victoria or Church streets, and going east on King and returning west on Adelaide. Other cities lacking sufficient street room have been compelled to adopt this plan in order to give pedestrians room on their leading shopping and business streets. We may have to do it too.

The time will never come when Toronto "can afford" to carry out the various plans proposed for beautifying the city and enlarging the foundations for the city of the future. The time will never come when the ordinary

expenditure will not be equal to the ordinary supply of money. There is nothing to wait for in this business. Two or three men in municipal politics who will have the nerve to undertake such projects as street widening, improvement of the water-front, the making of creditable driveways around the city, will find that these projects will indirectly pay for themselves and win everybody to the whole policy of creating a new and greater city.

HOW rotten a business morality prevails on the continent of America has been revealed in various ways during the past year. Canada is little better than the neighboring Republic, for there is scarcely a smooth, noiseless rascality perfected across the border but it gets an early introduction into our business methods. Some wide-eyed native rushes home from New York or Chicago each week big with the discovery of a new plan for robbing his fellow creatures and enriching himself; in point of morality this new plan usually ranks somewhere between the mining of sugar from a sandhill, and the murdering of families while they sleep for such money as they may have in their clothes. Usually the trick is

of meat foods in some of the Chicago packing houses. The story is too disgusting to dwell upon further than to say that nobody who has had it can ever again trust to a can of food from Chicago or from any other place, unless accompanied by assurances from disinterested sources that its contents are fit for food. There can be no doubt that great numbers of people have been murdered for money by those who have packed diseased meats, and who have used dangerous drugs as preservatives or as sharp, d off on them, thousands have tried to fight off death by doctoring themselves with equally villainous decoctions offered to them in the guise of infallible remedies. In the whole history of crime, where can there be criminality equal to that of the man who will, for the gain of money, lure an invalid into the use of a pernicious drug that will fasten its curse upon him? Among all rascalities there can be none so undeserving of forgiveness as that of the man who arouses false hopes of life in the breast of the one doomed to die, makes him spendthrift of the last dollar that might have lent support to his orphans, and with demoniac drugs lights consum-

the smashing of windows, against betting on horse races, and other things much less harmful than the poisoning of men and the robbing of their corpses?

The great trouble is that money does not, by its color or its smell, reveal whence it came. This defect in our currency is calamitous. If a man possess money no questions are asked. He moves in business, society or politics with whatever impetus his horse-power of dollars gives him, no matter whether he got his money by honest enterprise or by ways utterly despicable. The individual is to blame. The reform must begin with the individual. To start with he must shake himself free of the idea that he is licensed to do whatever his rivals do, in the making of money. He has no such license, and there are business men in Toronto, crushed under exposure, who have learned of late that companionship does not really mitigate guilt. But the individual must do more than look to his own standard of honesty; he must discriminate to some extent, if he would exercise a good influence in the community, in favor of those men in any business whose methods are clean and creditable. He must ask himself where his own and other people's money comes from—he needs to distinguish clean from dirty, honest from dishonest, money, and view with disfavor fortunes acquired through crooked dealings. We are a young people without class distinctions or social barriers that amount to much, but there is enough old-fashioned, decent honesty in Canada to run the country politically and to put its business on a moral footing, if a few spokesmen will arise and give voice to the cause of square dealing, clean earnings and honorable living.

MAN was not meant to live alone. Instances may be found here and there in which mere men avoid matrimony and live lives that appear to be successful and satisfactory, but as a rule a man needs a good, honest wife who, in the sanctity of the home and in the intimacy of holy wedlock, will tell him that he is a born fool with a tendency to make a blithering idiot of himself. Nobody can do this for a man as effectively as his wife—nobody else can currycomb a man for his own good, because he will not stand for it from any outsider, while he knows in his heart that his wife reads him like a book. Once a man has been thoroughly broken to harness by his wife he is more than ever unfitted to travel alone. During the last two or three years several bogus highway robberies and fake burglaries have been reported to the police, and I have noticed that in nearly every case the poor fool who has hatched up a pretended robbery to account for the disappearance of money that he had wrongfully spent, was a married man whose wife was away visiting, but about to return. Evidently these husbands have taken advantage of their wives' absence to spend money that had been carefully saved up, and, rather than face their wives with an admission of their folly they have preferred to face the police with a fake story of burglary or highway robbery. They know what it would mean to face their wives with the truth; they do not know what it means to try to palm off a fake story on the police, so they choose the evil they know not of. It is mighty seldom that a fake story imposes on the police and the newspaper reporters. Once these experienced men learn that the robbed man's wife was away from home, they, being themselves married, suspect the whole truth. A detective will sit down opposite the pretended victim of robbery and will listen to him talk—will look him through and through, and let him talk and talk until he breaks down and admits that he invented the whole tale. He overreaches himself, by trying too hard to prove that he was robbed. The actual victim of robbery does not need to prove anything. The pretender grows too circumstantial in his details, everything fits too well, the attendant circumstances are made too sensational. When a man invents a story of his having been robbed, he always makes himself a bit of a hero as well as a victim—he cannot imagine himself tamely submitting except to three or four masked men, who shove cold revolvers against his forehead, nor can he believe that he would let such rascals get away even then unless they left him tied and gagged. So in his story he takes his own heroism into account. This is where he overdoes it. His vanity ruins him. The police know very well that the average citizen when aroused from sleep by finding burglars beside his bed is no hero at all, does not think of heroism, but is a startled, scared man. He may be brave enough at other times, but taken at such disadvantage, shocked out of slumber, confronted with a situation wholly outside his experience, the man is no hero at all. If he have sense, he yields to the inevitable and lets the marauders have anything they can lift; but, more probably, he will submit without any exercise of judgment, but through paralysis of all his physical energies. Afterwards he will always declare that he judged it wiser not to attempt, unarmed, to thwart desperate men. The man who tells a fake story of robbery lacks the knowledge possessed by the police of the pusillanimous conduct of the average man in such a crisis, and gives himself the center of the stage. The police wink at each other when the first news of the affair comes in.

Wives should be more careful. When a wife has trained her husband to bring her the change when he returns from the grocery store, yet she should not trust him. Even when he is so tamed that he will dry the dishes and fetch the dustpan, join a temperance lodge and quit smoking—even when she seems to have extracted from him every semblance of the original cussedness that made him different from herself—yet she should not go away for a month's visit without banking her savings in her own name and garnishing his wages in advance. Left to himself the fellow may backslide. He may suddenly develop a yearning to be his own man again for a time. He may begin by standing out on the sidewalk long past his bed-time. Next he slips off to a baseball match, takes a ferry over to the Island, tries the shooting gallery, throws balls at marks for the cigars—wins one and smokes it, his hat on the back of his head. Could his wife see him now! He has reverted to his type. He has thrown off the effects of years of civilization, has gone back to the jungle where she captured him, is what he was when she rescued him, lifted him up to the level of thrift and taught him to be what she wanted him to be. He was never wholly tamed



THE GLORIOUS 12TH IN THE COUNTRY

On the way from the side lines and concessions to the district rendezvous.

one of substitution, deception, fraud. The buyer is not to get what he pays for. At one time it was considered dishonest. It was called cheating; it was an offence not only punishable but punished. Now it is the almost universal business practice to adulterate, dilute, veneer, gild, whatever one makes or sells, so that if we began jailing those who commit fraud, it would almost save time and prevent injustice to wall and roof the city and incarcerate all its inhabitants save the few who could prove their right to pass out. Fraud pauses at nothing. An excursion boat took fire at New York and twelve hundred lives were lost, because the boat-owners were without sense of honor, cared nothing for good repute, sought only to make money. The boat was manned by the cheapest ignoramuses they could hire. The life-saving appliances were the poorest they could buy. But when the boat-owners, in sham compliance with law, had bought appliances, as few and cheap as possible, they had been cheated, for the makers of these things in selling cheap had made even a greater profit than usual by supplying hose that burst when used, and life-preservers that, when put on by men, women, and children as they jumped into the sea, soon proved to be soggy, heavy weights that drowned them. The boat-owners, the makers of these sham goods, made their money at the expense of these lives. Death is still the penalty for the man who slays his enemy with the violence of his hands; but twelve hundred people were murdered for money on that excursion boat just as surely as if they had been put to the sword by pirates.

People eat prepared foods. Recent disclosures show how little of conscience there has been in the preparation

ing fires in his veins. It is a business like that of slaughtering the wounded on a field of battle for the poor spoil of their garments. The next development in "modern" business may be the marrying of these two sinister industries—the selling of villainous foods to spread disease, and the selling of villainous remedies professing to cure these ills. Why not direct the whole system from a central office?

In life insurance, in the plumbing trade, in the roofing trade—the lid has been lifted and the kind of honesty that does service in too much of the business of the day has been revealed. Each man who follows practices that he would scarcely dare confess to his wife or to any friend whose respect he values, excuses himself with the lying plaint that he must deal with conditions as he finds them—he must do as his rivals do or go down and out. In nearly every instance of conspiracy brought to light of late, it has been only too evident that had any one man in the ring possessed enough moral courage to stand out against the sharp practice proposed, the whole deal would have collapsed. The disquieting feature of it is that among a whole group of dealers not one possessed this moral courage, but all trooped together along the crooked path in quest of dishonest profits.

If, when you are well, men will, for gain, poison your food and destroy your health; if when you are sick, men will deceive you with rascally preparations; if when you die, men will deprive your heirs of the protection you had toiled to ensure them—why need we maintain and enforce old laws against such trivial offences as the theft of comparatively worthless goods and chattels, against

—never truly domesticated. He has always longed to spend a dollar as if he owned it—has always wanted to waste a dollar to indicate his manhood. The adult male has some aspirations that no woman will ever understand. He likes to burn a little money for the smell of it. He likes to do little things that he will afterwards try, but fail, to forget. He likes to talk big once a year to old acquaintances. He dreads more than anything else on earth letting it appear that his wife keeps a collar and chain on his neck. He will drink strong liquors and stay out late of nights, not because he wants to, but to assert his right to do so if he wants to. Boys do very foolish things in trying to be "manly," and men are but boys capable of much folly in striving to look like men in the eyes of their associates. It is all nonsense to say that a boy ever completely becomes a man—he only pretends to do so under the disguise of size, with hair on his face and important talk on his lips. The men who, in the absence of their wives, squander hard-earned money and invent foolish tales of having been robbed, usually are husbands who have been tethered much too short—shorter than it is safe, shorter than it is possible to keep animals in a contented state of mind—and when they get loose they do not know how to behave. A man can only be tamed as far as he wants to be. Carry him beyond his will in the matter, and it is never safe to let him out of his cage. MACK.

Individualities.

The East Side of New York has a *Portia* who is making a success of her chosen vocation. She is Esther Kunstler, aged 22. She has been regularly admitted to the bar and has taken upon herself the task of defending the poor people on the East Side. She is becoming famous for court-room repartee.

At the Miami University commencement at Hamilton, O., Senator Dolliver of Iowa appeared as the principal speaker in the academic gown of a doctor of laws. The Senator remarked that he felt as if he were in bathing suit and a peekaboo bonnet. When the audience laughed Senator Dolliver turned to President Benson and said: "I have said nothing funny. I believe the people are laughing at my clothes." He then took off the gown and dropped it upon the floor, where it remained until he had finished.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the novelist, recently resisted a temptation that would have overcome most men. Immediately on the—happily false—report of his death the newspapers came out with obituaries and appreciations of him. Most men would have spent an exciting day in reading the premature judgment of posterity on their life and works. But Mr. Baring-Gould has packed away those notices—unread—in a sealed envelope with his will. One suspects that those newspaper cuttings are burning a hole in the envelope!

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, familiarly known as "T. P. O." or "T.P.," is a general favorite in the British House of Commons. Although terrible in public speech, he is good-natured and friendly in private life. It is his business to know everybody, and almost everybody knows him. He is as familiar with the Tory aristocrat as with the representative of Labor; he chats with everybody and takes the Prime Minister by the arm. There is only one member with whom he is not on speaking terms—the statesman whom in days of passion he likened to Judas.

After a prolonged trip abroad, Mrs. Anne Warner French, the author of the *Susan Clegg* stories, has returned to St. Paul, Minn. Her new book, *Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs*, went into a second edition on publication, and promises to rival in popularity the original *Susan Clegg* book, *Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop*. One of the best bits in the new book is *Susan's* inspection of an automobile which stopped in the country town where she lives. Gazing at the license number, 898, on the back of the car, she exclaimed: "It's a brand-new one, for the price tag's still hanging on the back."

King Sisowath of Cambodia, his sister and twenty of his 300 wives are in Paris, and the King bids fair to become as popular as is the Shah, for he is a quaint and merry monarch. Sisowath left his sixty-nine sacred dancing girls at Marseilles, and this is the only disappointing feature of his trip to Paris to visit the "great king"—that is President Fallieres—who protects his own domain of Cambodia. The King's name is on every tongue, and his advent at all times looked forward to, but his full name is seldom mentioned, for it is Prea Bat Samdech Prea Sisowath Chamechorapong Harirach Braminthor Prouvanaykraykeofa Sobapedey—a trifle unwieldy for daily and familiar use.

Bishop Potter, who has recently been in England, tells of a wealthy Westerner who last year joined the multitude in New York on account of his wife's social aspirations. The outsider gave a dinner to such friends as his wife had already gained since their descent upon the Empire City. The repast was magnificent, as were the service, appointments and decorations. The hostess, gorgeously clad, was in fine fettle. In a lull in the conversation the Westerner, bored to extinction, was listlessly watching a servant remove crumbs from the table. Then his glance wandered along the glistening table till it rested upon his bejeweled wife. Quietly he observed: "Maggie, do you remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door at the chickens?"

Persons presented to King Edward have often been amazed and flattered by the marvellous knowledge which His Majesty possessed of their family, their affairs, and their achievements. Of course, this conveys the impression to people that the King has been devoting a great deal more attention to their affairs and entertaining a far greater interest in their career than is really the case. The fact of the matter is that the King has discovered the value of card indexes, and turns them to excellent account. They are in charge of General Sir Dighton Probyn, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, and are kept at Buckingham Palace. Opposite each name on the card is a memorandum of the last occasion on which the bearer of the name was presented to the King, and a suggestion of what was said on that occasion. As people never obtain access to His Majesty without a previous appointment or invitation, the Sovereign, knowing whom he is going to meet, has plenty of time to have the card-index consulted. Brief records of scandals affecting people in society are preserved so as to avoid the appearance at Court of people compromised thereby.

Many stories are now being told of John L. Toole, the eminent English actor who died recently. He was, it is



Thespian (who has been asked for a trifle on account)—Money, Mrs. Spearmit! What is money? Is it a herb?—Taller.

said, extremely clever in "getting at" anyone who had offended him. On one occasion, while acting in Edinburgh, he received a canting letter in which he was advised to withdraw from the stage and lead a decent life. Instead of replying by writing he called at the address given and was shown in—all the blinds of the house being drawn as it was the Sabbath. Presently a solemn-looking gentleman in black entered. He spoke with rather a Scotch accent. "Glad to see you, Mr. Toole," he said. "Thank you," Toole replied. "I thought it best to call on you—better than writing. I am anxious to know what you propose to do for my wife and family." "What I propose to do?" "Yes, you wish me to leave the stage. It is my living; I thought you might have some idea of an annuity." "An annuity? Eh! dear me! I had no idea of the sort!" "Then what do you mean?" "I was not thinking so much of you, Mr. Toole. It is the other people in the company." The interview ended by Toole being asked to tea and converting his would-be converters into the belief that the theater was not exactly the bottomless pit—a belief somewhat prevalent in Scotland.

New York Letter.

WE have something to be thankful for at this moment of writing, the "Fourth" is over. The hundred and thirtieth anniversary of this lusty young Republic was celebrated with the usual characteristic noise and patriotic fervor, the Manhattan end alone expending about ten million dollars in explosives, and incidentally rolling up a casualty list of something like five hundred. This list will, no doubt, be considerably augmented within the next few days when the insidious tetanus germ has had a chance to develop in its unsuspecting victims. A beneficent rain that began on the eve of the holiday kept the bombardment in check until long after dawn, and throughout the morning also gave our jaded nerves an occasional respite. The real bombardment began at night, and it required little imagination to fancy the city thoroughly besieged—the loud detonations, the streets aglow with colored fire, the clatter of fire engines, with rockets of every description and lighted balloons signalling from every corner of the sky, giving vivid reality to such a mental impression.

A little more concentration and a little further lavishness, and these pyrotechnic displays may, perhaps, some day attract the attention of neighboring planets, and the curious periodic phenomena give Martian observers, say, a little quiet guessing. That is, unless the country grows old enough meantime to take itself for granted.

In the midst of this annual outburst of national pride however, our political self-complacency has been exposed to a very real shock. Sir Joseph Ward, who succeeds the late Richard Seddon in the Premiership of New Zealand, visited us for a day or two on his way home from England, and had a few things to say that, by implication at least, upset any notion we may have entertained that we have anything on this continent corresponding to that oft iterated but seldom applied, "government for the people." A luncheon party at the Lawyers' Club was the occasion of the distinguished visitor's remarks, and his account of the "model" Government of which he has long been a conspicuous member, and over which he will in future preside, with its provision for age pensions, its solution of the unemployed problem, and police system makes our own look like the proverbial thirty cents. An honest attempt to legislate in the interests of the people as a whole, and a businesslike administration of public affairs are all that Sir Joseph claims for his own political creed. The New Zealand Government, as you know, is frankly paternalistic, owning and controlling all public utilities, but with private enterprise it only interferes when such enterprise interferes with the rights of the people. Of trusts they have none, not because human nature is any different in that Utopia, as the speaker reminded us, but because the Government is always ready to step in and either compete with the trust at a fair profit or withdraw privileges, such as customs duties, under which trusts flourish.

Sir Joseph lunched with the President at Sagamore Hill, on the following day, and discussed informally the prospects for a commercial treaty between New Zealand and the United States. This, it transpires, was one of the objects of the Premier's visit at this time, but it proved a rather sanguine expectation Sir Joseph admitted afterward, when the difficulties of railroading such a treaty through the Senate were explained to him. Sir Wilfrid Laurier could also have informed him very precisely on that point as well as on the official bad manners he might be exposed to in making any overtures to that illustrious body. Sir Joseph made one strangely foolish observation when he spoke of Mr. Roosevelt as "the greatest and most influential statesman in the world today." No one will dispute the "influential," but there are plenty ready to question that the President is a statesman at all, let alone the "greatest." In justice to the New Zealander, however, it should be added that the exuberant

remark was made before he had personally met the President. Lord Northcliffe, the proprietor of the *London Daily Mail*, better known as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, is also a visitor in New York, and was present at the Lawyers' Club luncheon. He has since been reminding us with considerable frankness, that American prestige abroad is in great peril, thanks to the recent orgy of scandal.

Toronto, I hope, has been duly informed of the decision of the Court of Special Sessions here, in the case of Arnold Daly and others, that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is not an immoral play, and acquitting the defendants. The opinion of the judges concludes: "While the court may hold decided opinions regarding the fitness of this play as a stage production, when it comes to consider the question of criminality of the acts of these defendants in publicly producing it, it must make application of the law laid down by the Court of Appeals as the test of criminality. Making such application in the case at bar, it appears that that which is really excited in the mind of the spectator is disgust; that the unlovely, the repellent, the disgusting in the play are merely accessories to the main purpose of the drama, which is an attack on certain social conditions relating to the employment of women, which the dramatist believes, as do many others with him, should be reformed." J. E. W.

Pithy Opinion.

Birmingham is celebrating Mr. Chamberlain's 70th birthday. Mr. Chamberlain has done much for Birmingham, and Birmingham has done much for him. History may show that his most useful and permanent work was his record as a civic reformer.—London (Ont.) *Advertiser*.

Bishop Potter (after being made much of in London) has gone back to New York and cast aspersions on the Old Country. The old poet must have been impelled by the spirit of prophecy to write:—

For I remember stopping by the way

To watch a Potter thumping his wet clay.

And with its all-obiterated Tongue

It murmur'd, "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

—London *Tatler*.

There were 293 companies created by Federal letters patent last year. This is exclusive of railways, banks and insurance and loan companies, which get special acts of incorporation. The new entities are chiefly manufacturing and mercantile concerns. They are, moreover, only some of the companies that were created in the country during the twelve months. Each Province has a companies law, which many take advantage of. The tendency towards turning businesses of even moderate size into corporations is notable in all lines of enterprise. It is putting into the background the old way of doing things, by which the individual began in a small way and gradually developed a great business known by his name.—Montreal *Gazette*.

Now that the drowning season is in full swing we observe that most of those rescued from a watery grave were "just going down for the third time." It is strange how this hoary old juvenile tradition about the fatal "third time" survives through each succeeding generation. It is still commonly supposed that drowning persons have to go down the regulation three times before staying down, and it might appear that the rescuers stand there counting the submersions—"One! Two! Three!"—And then reach for the victim. As a matter of fact people may drown the first, second, third, fourth or any other time they go under water according to circumstances. And it is hardly likely that the rescuers are calm enough to count how many times the drowning man has sunk.—Brockville *Times*.

If W. S. Gilbert had not written many of his comic operas some years before Cyprano Castro became President of Venezuela it might have been thought that Castro had served as a model for the playwright. He is more irresponsible than *Skimpole* and more thriftless than *Micawber*. During the last few years, since Castro has defied the powers of Europe, many people have wondered why his capital has not been taken from him, his debts wound up and the situation arranged to the satisfaction of the creditors. The reason is that the coast line for many hundred miles along the north of Venezuela is so mountainous and so precipitous that it would be impossible for troops to reach Caracas, which lies in a basin-like depression at an elevation of some 5,300 feet. An attempt to storm Caracas from the sea would entail losses on the part of the attacking forces, to which the English disaster at Spion Kop would be as nothing. The United States may express a laudable intention of making Castro walk in the paths of sweet reason, but they have first of all to catch their hare before they can cook it. They can bombard a few of the posts on the north side, but a country as big as France and Germany has many resources. It is possible that Castro will meet a sudden and violent end at the hands of some ex-President or other politician, otherwise much water will flow under the bridges before the great American nation obtains satisfaction from Cyprano Castro, President of the Republic of Venezuela.—Calgary *Herald*.

The Ontario Historical Society will hold its annual meeting at Collingwood on Thursday and Friday, July 19 and 20. An interesting programme has been prepared. Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, will give a paper on "The Downfall of the Hurons." Other papers to be read are, "The Washburn Treasure," by Miss Muriel Merrill; "The Petun Indians," by Mr. G. W. Bruce; and "The Nottawasaga Trail," by Mr. G. K. Mills. Jeremiah Monague, chief of the Christian Island band of Ojibwas, will give an address.

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Decorative Materials

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Social and Personal

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, accompanied by their daughters, left for Cushing's Island, Maine, early in the week, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis and her daughters have returned from Europe and are with Mr. Jarvis at their house at Center Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore returned from their honeymoon last Friday and have been at Fernwood with Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson.

Mrs. C. S. Boone is going to Winnipeg to spend some time with her relatives there at Mrs. Erb's home while Mr. Boone is out of town.

Lady Gzowski has gone to Lake Joseph, Muskoka, with her son, to spend some time at his island, where Mrs. Gzowski and the family have been since the vacation.

The graceful and dashing play of Mr. Reggio, an Italian tennis crack from Buffalo, has delighted the spectators in the tournament now on at the Queen's Royal. Every pose of the young man is full of grace and virility.

The opening of the new club house of the Island Aquatic Association took place on Thursday evening, July 12, at 8.30 o'clock, when the first dance of the season was held. Great enthusiasm has been aroused over the new building, which marks a new era in the history of the club. Invitations in the hands of the committee were distributed to residents of the Island. This was entirely an invitation dance, no subscriptions for membership being asked for until next week. Those desirous of becoming members, however, should make early application to the Secretary, Mr. J. W. G. Grey, 6 Church street, or to any member of the committee, as all names have to be passed by the Executive Committee. The regular dances will commence on Friday, July 20, and will be held weekly during the summer.

Colonel Swayne, Governor of British Honduras, arrived last Thursday from Muskoka, and spent a few days at the Queen's, leaving en route to his new "kingdom" in the South by the *Corona* on Tuesday morning. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting this fine soldier and genial gentleman have enjoyed the society of a typical Englishman who has been and seen and done more interesting things than he could tell in a month of Sundays. Colonel Swayne will be for several years in his Governorship in the Tropics, and his Toronto friends hope he may find this a good place to "cool off" in later on.

Miss Adele Falconbridge left on Wednesday for the Royal Muskoka, to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Edith Lansing Macrae and Mr. Arthur Wellesley Holmsted at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, on Wednesday, July 25. Owing to bereavement in both families, the wedding is to be a quiet one.

Mrs. Hugh Lumsden and her mother, Mrs. Whitney of Wellesley Crescent, left for Orillia on Wednesday, where Mrs. Lumsden has a summer place.

The rush to Europe this season has been a bonanza to the steamship companies, which are doing a rushing business. Take for instance the exodus from one bright city, Stratford, and here are a few who have gone: Dr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren and Mrs. Kenneth McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harding, Mrs. William Gordon, Miss Daisy Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Bothwell, Mr. and Mrs. Greville Morgan, the Misses Jean and Maisie and Mr. Maxwell Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Christie Palmer were registered at the Lakeview, Grimsby Park, last week.

Mrs. William Croft of Rosedale and her son and daughter sailed from New York on the Holland-American line *Statendam* on Wednesday to visit her aunt, Lady Orsini di Bar, at Arnheim, Holland, for a couple of months.

Captain J. A. Stewart, Balmain, A.D.C., to Lord Northcote, Government House, Melbourne, and his bride arrive from Australia in Toronto this afternoon for a brief visit, and will be at the King Edward. Captain Stewart Balmain visited Toronto the winter of 1894-1895 and was entertained by many leading hosts, most of whom are now abroad or at the seaside. The popularity which he attained during his stay in Toronto will doubtless increase now that he is accompanied by a wife of whom I have heard only charming reports from those Torontonians who met her in her native city, and his friends will congratulate the gallant Captain on having been fortunate enough to win so fair a bride.

One of the prettiest house weddings of the season took place at the manse, at Granton, Ontario, on Wednesday, July 4, when Miss Bessie C. Pearson was married to Dr. George Ewart Wilson of Palmerston. Rev. James Abrey, B.A., of Granton, assisted by Rev. James Rollins, M.A., of King street Presbyterian Church, London, conducted the ceremony. Precisely at two o'clock, as the familiar music of the *Lohengrin Wedding March* was being played, the bridal party entered the drawing-room, which was tastefully decorated with flowers, smilax, palms and ferns. The bride was gowned in an exquisite Paris pattern costume of white embroidered lace over chiffon mounted on taffeta and trimmed with Duchess lace. She wore the traditional veil and coronet of orange blossoms, a handsome necklace of whole pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Edith Ballard, B.A., of Hamilton, also wore a Paris gown of cream embroidered lace over taffeta and a French picture hat of cream lace. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a crescent of whole pearls. Little Miss Anna Abrey, as maid of honor, looked winsome and pretty in a white silk dress with Irish lace. The groom was assisted by his brother, Dr. James Wilson of Palmerston. While the register was being signed and congratulations received, Miss Lang of Granton sang *The Wedding Hymn*, after which a dainty luncheon was served on the lawn. During the day cablegrams of congratulation were received from Ireland and Scotland and telegrams from Canada and many parts of the

United States. Going away the bride wore a modish travelling suit of green plaid panama cloth trimmed with lace and silk, and a smart hat of green shaded fancy braid. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson sailed by the *Empress of Ireland* on July 12 for Liverpool. Dr. Wilson, who is a medalist of the medical department of the University of Toronto, intends to pursue his studies in one of the universities of London, England, after a holiday in Scotland and Ireland. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Rollins, M.A., of London; Mr. O'Meara of Listowel, Miss M. C. Harrison, M.A., of Moulton College, Toronto; Ex-Alderman and Mrs. Armstrong of London, Dr. Oscar Lang of Stratford, Miss Florence Harrison of Thorndale, Miss Thompson of Albridge, England.

A pretty and fashionable wedding was solemnized at Christ Church, Vancouver, on Wednesday, June 27, at 2.30 p.m. by Rev. C. C. Owen, when Miss Irene Alice Brignall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brignall, was married to Mr. Mayne Daly Hamilton of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, son of the late Dr. J. R. Hamilton of Stratford, Ontario. The bride, who is one of Vancouver's most popular girls, looked very sweet and girlish in a beautiful gown of ivory Duchesse satin trimmed with Duchess lace, the tulle veil being worn over a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley, white roses, and maiden hair fern, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Eileen Canbie and Miss Ida Canbie, who were very prettily gowned in pale turquoise chiffon over taffeta with picture hats of blue chiffon and Valenciennes lace and long white plumes most effectively finished off with a large pink rose. They carried shower bouquets of La France roses. The groomsmen were Mr. A. St. L. Mackintosh, and the ushers were Captain W. Hart-McHarg, Mr. Percy C. Shallock, Mr. E. S. Crawford, and Mr. W. G. Morrison. The wedding party entered the church to the strains of *Lohengrin's* bridal music, the bride being brought in by her father, who gave her away. The choir then sang *The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden*, and assisted during the ceremony. The church, which was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, and white roses by the girl friends of the bride, was filled with guests, many smart gowns being noticed, among these being that of the handsome mother of the bride, who wore a beautiful pale grey silk voile with smart grey toque. The service being over, the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, and many murmurs of admiration greeted the happy pair as they left the church, a perfect shower of white roses falling over them from the gallery. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl necklace, to the bridesmaids baroque pearl necklaces, and to the best man and ushers pearl scarf pins. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 1671 Haro street. The house was artistically decorated with a profusion of roses, palms, and smilax, and many hearty good wishes were extended to the bride and groom by the numerous guests, whom they received under a bell of white roses and orange blossoms. The many beautiful presents were tributes of the esteem in which they are held by their many friends both here and in Eastern Canada. Amidst showers of rice, confetti and roses, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left for Banff on Mr. Marpole's private car "Liloeet," which was prettily decorated. The bride looked very smart in a travelling gown of grey corded voile with grey hat trimmed with tiny blue and pink rosebuds. After a brief holiday in the mountains they will take up their residence in Vancouver.

Miss Gertrude Thompson of 104 St. Vincent street left on Saturday for Vancouver, where she will visit her uncle for some time, and later go to Edmonton. On Thursday of last week a small coterie of friends took a farewell tea with Mrs. and Miss Thompson at their home, and wished the latter the pleasantest of times in the far West. Several pretty gifts were presented to the gentle and popular lady by friends, before her departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon and their family are at the Island for the summer.

Mrs. Douglas Young, who has been visiting Mrs. Willie Gwynn, has returned home to Kingston.

Mr. Hugh O'Neill of Shaun Castle, County Antrim, a cousin of Captain Newton, A.D.C., Ottawa, has been touring in Canada and spent a few days in Toronto en route to the North-West. He was registered at the King Edward. Mr. O'Neill has had great luck, having caught some splendid salmon in the Restigouche, and enjoyed his sport under the kindly hospitality of Mr. Molson Macpherson, to whom he brought letters and whom he found the best of hosts, as all his Toronto friends can easily believe. During his short stay in Toronto Mr. O'Neill was informally entertained by Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and enjoyed also the generous hospitality of Casa Loma. He has travelled widely and has, I believe, also contested his county for Parliament. He is a nephew of Lord Dundonald.

An interesting engagement, involving the future of a fine young athlete from a neighboring city, and a pretty Western Ontario girl, was being whispered at mid-week.

Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle and Mr. and Mrs. Beers had an ideal tour in their fine motor car. They went to Buffalo, the Falls, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Kingsville, Detroit, Mount Clemens, Goderich, Port Huron, Sarnia, and a few other places and were most fortunate in having splendid weather, and practically no delays en route.

Weather being complaisant, there should be a big exodus by boat, motor, and yacht to-day to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where the tennis tournament is on, and the Queen's courts in ideal condition. It's a sight to see the doughty game put up some days by "Jumbo" Nelles, the small son of Major and Mrs. Charlie Nelles, formerly of Toronto, when he gets a court and a "man" his own size at his disposal.

All know what foolscap paper is, but no doubt the reason for its name has puzzled many eager inquirers. Charles I. granted many monopolies for Governmental support, among which was the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the Royal Arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and people who secured the sole right to sell it soon acquired immense fortunes. Parliament set this monopoly aside, and when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold they ordered the Royal Arms to be taken from the paper and a fool with his cap and bells substituted. It is now about two hundred and fifty years since the fool's cap was taken from the paper.

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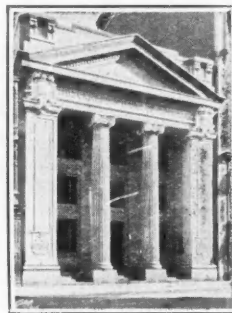
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Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
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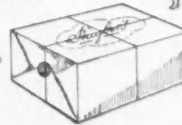
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OSTEOPATHIC DECTOR Y

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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Herbert C. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg

J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.

Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 152 Bloor St. East.

Georgene W. A. Cook, 169 College St.

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OSTEOPATHY

OSTEOPATHY

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Strange Stories of Psychic Experiences

PROBABLY no branch of psychical research has interested more persons or has more believers than telepathy. Almost every person has had some experience in that line or knows of some one who has. The word is not easy to define. In a general way it stands for every kind of thought transference or direct influence of one mind over another through no recognized channel of sense. In other words, it represents the supposed action of one mind on another without the use of words, looks, gestures or other material signs. It is not exactly wireless telegraphy between minds, because that would imply voluntary communication on both sides, whereas telepathic communication is often involuntary and unconscious, or at least subconscious.

"The most remarkable, authentic instance of telepathy which has ever come to my knowledge," said Merrill Moores, "is the one which I obtained directly from the persons concerned. John Muir, who is now a famous naturalist, was born in Dumbarton, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1830, and came to America in 1849. He was educated at Wisconsin University, in which James D. Butler, who had formerly been a professor at Wabash College, was a member of the faculty, and Butler and Muir became very warm friends. I made Muir's acquaintance when I was 10 years old, and when I was 11 spent the summer walking with him through Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, and we spent a week at Butler's house. Afterward, in 1872, I spent the summer with John Muir in the Yosemite Valley, where he told me this story.

"The summer previous—that is, the summer of 1871—he was herding sheep on the south down of the Yosemite, five miles from Hutchins' Hotel, in the valley. One day the impression came to him irresistibly that Professor Butler was or would be at the Hutchins Hotel, and Muir got a neighboring shepherd to look after his sheep and climbed down the mountain side, which took him an entire day, and went to the hotel, where he found that Butler had just registered. He had not heard from Butler in many months, and did not know that he was away from his home in Madison, Wis. He found that Butler had just entered the valley on a trip around the world, and would be there only that day, and they spent the day together. This story was well authenticated by both Mr. Muir and Mr. Butler."

A still more remarkable story is told by Charles W. Smith concerning an experience of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the well-known author.

"I never heard Dr. Mitchell tell the story," said Mr. Smith, "but a student in his office told it to my daughter, and I have heard it from one other person as coming from Dr. Mitchell. The story, as I remember it, is about this:

"One cold and blustery night he was sitting in his study, when the door bell rang. He answered the bell and at the door found a little girl, some ten or twelve years of age, wearing a cloak with a red hood. She asked if Dr. Mitchell was at home, and the doctor responded that he was Dr. Mitchell. The little girl said her mother was very sick and would like to have the doctor visit her. He told the little girl that he was not engaged in the general practice of medicine, but that another physician, living across the street, would visit her mother. He returned to the library, and after a few moments the door bell rang again, and upon going to the door he found the same little girl there. Thinking that she had misunderstood him, he again had the same conversation with her, and directed her to the residence of the other physician. He again returned to the library, and in a little while the door bell once more rang. He again went to the door and found the little girl. He thereupon put on his overcoat and went with her.

"After a walk of some distance they came to an apartment house. The little girl opened the door. He followed her in and then upstairs, and at the head of the stairs he heard a woman in distress in a room, the door of which was open. Without paying further attention to the little girl he went into the room and found a woman very sick and apparently near to death. He gave her his attention and left her some medicine.

"When he was about leaving, the woman expressed her great gratitude at his coming and asked how it was that he had visited her. He replied that the little girl had come for him and had brought him. She replied that there was no little girl at the house; that her little daughter had died the day before and her body was lying in the next room. The doctor went into the next room and found the body of the dead little girl, and the cloak with the red hood, such as the little girl had worn who came for him, hanging upon the wall. This is about the whole of the story. The doctor said he would undertake no explanation of it."

The Marriage of the "Queen of Arran."

THE recent marriage of the Marquess of Graham and Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton was the wedding of the year in England. It took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. The King was present, and the reception afterwards was held at Devonshire House. Lord and Lady Graham are to spend their honeymoon on the Isle of Arran, at Brodick Castle, where the King and Queen paid a memorable visit a year or two ago to Lady Mary and her mother. Later in the year the happy couple will come south to Suffolk for the hunting season, and will reside at Easton Park, the fine property which passed to the Hamiltons on the death of the last Earl of Rochford.

Not for many a day has a wedding excited such widespread interest. Had she been a boy, Lady Mary would have been a duke; her marriage will make her some day a duchess—Duchess of Montrose. Her mother is a duchess—widow of the late Duke of Hamilton; her grandmother is a duchess—Duchess of Devonshire. As for Lady Mary, they call her a queen—Queen of Arran, the lovely island on the Clyde where she has her home. That, of course, does not represent the whole of her possessions. The stories told as to her wealth have not lacked exaggeration, but she has a clear £30,000 a year, to say nothing of a very handsome capital sum, and palatial homes, not only in Arran and Lanarkshire, but at Easton Park, Suffolk. Her beauty and charming disposition make her the idol of her people in Arran, where the greatest day in their previous history was for them that day on which she came of age. The island simply blazed with bonfires all the night, and every islander made as merry in his own sphere as did the thousand

guests who danced in the dawn up at the Brodick Castle. Some day, perhaps, says the London Sketch, the Marquess of Graham and his bride will add to their family possessions the treasured relic of his house—the heart of Montrose. It is supposed still to exist. The story is a strange and romantic one. The Great Montrose, slain by the Covenanters, was thrown into a ditch; but his niece, Lady Napier, caused his heart to be rescued and enclosed in a casket of steel made from the dead warrior's sword. This in turn was enclosed in a box of filigree gold given by the Doge of Venice to "Logarithm" Napier. The whole was sent abroad to be kept in safety by the head of the family, but was lost for years. The fifth Lord Napier discovered it, and bequeathed it to his daughter Hester, who carried it by her side when the ship upon which she was a passenger was attacked by the French. It was stolen from her while she was resident in India, and sold to a native chief, who, out of admiration for the bravery of this lady's son, restored the precious heirloom to him. The heart figured in the French Revolution. All residents in France had to give up their gold; the heart was sent by its owners in its case of gold to England, and there finally lost.

Stanley's Journalistic Beginning.

When the late Henry M. Stanley first arrived at New Orleans as a cabin-boy on a sailing ship from Liverpool, and before he had made the acquaintance of the Stanley whose name he afterwards was to assume, he was forced to various shifts to earn a living.

Among other positions for which he applied was that of office-boy in one of the morning newspaper offices. His bright appearance impressed the man in charge, who engaged him, and told him he could begin his duties in a half-hour, it then being nearly six o'clock in the evening, and that his hours of work would last to some time after midnight.

As the boy started out the man noticed he was barefooted.

"Run home and get your shoes and stockings," said the man.

"I haven't got any," answered the boy.

"Can't you get some?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll try."

"Come back at six with shoes and stockings, and it's all right. If you don't we can't take you," answered the man, turning away, while the future explorer went out with a harder problem before him than finding Livingstone.

He sat down on the steps outside, and after some minutes' thought went back into the ante-room again and faced the boy who was in charge during the day, who had overheard the conversation.

"See here," said the applicant, "have you got another pair of shoes and stockings?"

"No."

"When do you go off duty?"

"Six o'clock."

"Same time I go on. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you half a dollar for the use of your shoes and stockings each night for a week. I'll leave 'em under the desk for you every morning when I go away so you can wear them during the day."

"Well," answered the boy slowly, "I'll do it if you'll write me an order on the cashier for the half."

The order was duly written, and the future Sir Henry put on the shoes and stockings and entered upon his first journalistic duties.

The growth of enormous fortunes in the United States is bringing back the old English fashion of high-class domestic service. In that time the domestic chaplain was an upper servant who received less consideration than the modern butler, and the family lawyer was a functionary of hardly more worth and dignity. The family doctor, having the power of life and death, may have been treated with more civility, but the trials of tutors and governesses in wealthy families always have been a fruitful topic of pathetic fiction. The fashion is coming back to the excessive rich. The bread and butter of the clergymen still depends on the favor of the rich men. The retirement of the pastor of what is called the Rockefeller church in New York calls attention to the fact that the richest man in America is the patron of two churches and a great university. The cause of Dr. Johnston's retirement is a mystery. It is said that some of his timid animadversions upon the arrogance of wealth and the evils of Wall street gambling have given offence in powerful quarters. The high-class domestic service of the excessive rich is not confined to the cure of souls. Cases are not uncommon where a lawyer or physician practises his profession for the sole benefit of a wealthy man. When Chauncey Depew was general counsel of the New York Central he served and touted for the rich Vanderbilt family everywhere, from the dinner table to the Legislature at Albany. The humiliations of ancient domestic chaplains are recalled by the refusal of one of the Vanderbilt women to receive him at her table on the ground that her own butler had no seat there.—San Francisco Argonaut.



"Isn't the hegg done enough, sir?"

"Yes; but it wasn't done soon enough."—Tatler.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



Corticelli Spool Silk

Full Strength Full Length.

and too strong to break.

A Natural Refresher

With Health in Every Glass

"Beaver" Brand

Caledonia Water

Cures Constipation, Gout, Rheumatism, Headaches, etc.

Bottlers: CHAS. WILSON, Limited

TORONTO



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Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B.M. & T. Jenkins

422-424 Yonge St., Toronto.

Montreal. London, Eng.



There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor CLEANER AND REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.

130 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 3074.

His Dog.

Johnson and Thompson were next door neighbors. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally Thompson said to Johnson:

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't take offense if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me," said Johnson, "That's queer. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked any to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterward Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while he belonged to Johnson, so I bought him. Nobody

can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to-morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet."

"No," said Thompson, "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps us awake half the night. I don't see how you can put up with it."—Chicago "News."

Elated.

"They are having an engagement dinner at the Browns' to-night."

"Who is engaged?"

"A new cook."—"Judge."

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Tickets \$1

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INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities
urnished on application.

Bonds and Stock bought
and sold on Commission.

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Head Office 17 Richmond St. West



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INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF**

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.
And of all House Holders.
Telephone Park 140.

New Route to Port Erie Races.

Commencing Saturday, July 14,
leave Toronto 41 a.m. via Niagara
Navigation Co. steamer, connecting at
Niagara-on-the-Lake with special
Michigan Central train both ways.
Tickets \$1.50.

Origin of Grass Widow.

"She is a grass widow," said the
professor, nodding in the direction
of a lady with yellow hair.

"A grass widow? Oh, professor, I
didn't think you would use slang,"
said Mrs. Binks.

"Grass widow is not slang," said
the professor, stoutly. "It is, on the
contrary, a very ancient and correct
expression. It comes from the French
'grace.' It was originally written
'grace' widow. Its meaning is 'widow
by courtesy.'"

"There is nothing slangy or disre-
spectful in the term 'grace widow.'
A widow may call herself that with
propriety, and with propriety any one
may call her that."—Minneapolis
Journal.

TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



J. P. MURRAY
TORONTO

Montreal, July 12.
THIS is the playtime for the men of
the "Street." Like other mortals,
the banker, broker and capitalist finds
it hard to resist the "call of the wild."
The consequence being that it is indeed
a fortunate board of directors that now
counts upon a quorum. In July the
longing for cool, swift running rivers
and green woods gets into their blood
and away they go, some to fish salmon
in the Gaspé country, others to yacht,
and still others to spend their time
quietly in retired summer homes.

From now on till mid-August St.
Andrews, N.B., will see a great deal of the C. P. R.
contingent. Sir William Van Horne, who owns a lovely
home at St. Andrews, always retires there for a good
rest, while Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is also to be found
there with his family whenever opportunity offers.
Charles R. Hosmer dodges down for a day or two every
now and again; while the same may be said of H. S.
Holt, Senator Robert Mackay and F. W. Thompson, all
of whom have homes in that locality ranging from com-
fortable to magnificent. Senator Forget is an ardent
angler, and each season finds him down on the Gaspé
coast. This year the Senator managed to haul in thirty
odd salmon during a two weeks' visit, and came back to
Montreal, brown, healthy and elated. Among Montreal's
rich men there is none more enthusiastic over salmon
fishing than James Reid Wilson, head of the Thomas
Robertson Co., Limited, and a large stockholder in var-
ious Canadian enterprises. Mr. Wilson owns a fine
stretch of salmon river on the Gaspé coast upon which
he has constructed no less than five club-houses, all fur-
nished and ready for occupancy at a moment's warning.
This, it might be remarked, means a small fortune in-
vested, for salmon fishing under any circumstances is a
sport only to be indulged in by those who possess fat
pocketbooks.

Mr. James Ross arrived back in Montreal the other
day from his extended visit abroad, and is looking well
considering the months of illness which he has experi-
enced. Talking to your correspondent the other day Mr.
Ross said that he had actually been more out of the
swing of things when in Europe than for many years.
"Hospitals," he remarked, "are not conducive to keeping
a man posted on what is going on in the world of busi-
ness." After a few days here, in which he went over the
affairs of the Dominion Coal Company, Mr. Ross packed
his kit and away he went to the Bonaventure River,
there to tempt the salmon with the fly. During the
summer Mr. Ross will probably spend a great deal of
time on his new sea-going yacht *Sheila*, which arrived
at Sydney from Europe about the same time that the
owner stepped ashore at Montreal from the Allan liner
Virginian.

The downward trend of the market for some weeks past
has badly cramped some of Montreal's
Small Traders small traders. These men are for the
most part loaded up with United States
industrial, and in order to support some
of their lines have been obliged to let go others at a loss
of all the way from ten to thirty points. In many of
these instances it is the old story of men with limited
capital biting off more than they can masticate. If they
had gone into the Canadian in place of the New York
market their present margins would be sufficient to have
tided them over, at least up to the present, but Canadian
stocks do not move fast enough for this class of specu-
lator. It is the old story, but one which never appears
to read a permanent lesson.

Major George W. Stephens' plan of amalgamating the
Granby Rubber Company with the Cana-
dian Rubber Company is shaping up, and
ere long will become a fact. The bring-
ing together of these two plants will place
a very large proportion of the Canadian rubber trade in
their hands; in fact it will almost give them a monopoly
of the business. Major Stephens is displaying a vast
amount of energy, not only in his business affairs, but in
the political arena as well. In the Quebec House he is
to-day probably the most influential of the Montreal
members. Quite recently the Provincial Government
made Major Stephens a member of the Protestant
School Board, and there is consternation in certain
church circles in consequence, as he replaces Dean
Evans. Major Stephens is not only a layman, but a
member of the "un-Godly" Unitarian faith, and as he re-
places a Church of England clergyman, those in high
church circles are saying things. The Government
probably had in mind the fact that the schools utilize a
good many thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money each
year and wished at least one business man to overlook
the expenditure. Broad-minded, keen, and with a head
for affairs, and what is more important still, with time
to attend to them, Major Stephens will no doubt make
himself felt in the deliberations of this body.

Major Stephens.

With the dullness of midsummer one ever hears expres-
sions on the "Street" that the season in
question is the worst ever. As a matter
of fact one is very much like the other
as regards the Montreal stock market.
The broker with his golf clubs standing
in the corner of the coat-room, or his auto awaiting him
outside, is not inclined to make a market if he could,
which is very doubtful; while the rich client, who could
make it and won't, is in most instances out of reach of
even the telegraph lines. With all the bellowing, local
business appears to be up to the average. For instance,
the Montreal clearing house shows a total business of
\$732,000,000 for the six months ending July 1, a gain of
\$105,000,000 over the corresponding period a year ago.
Montreal's sales of stock for the six months amounted to
803,000 shares.

Toronto, July 12.

SOME attention is naturally being given at this time
to the future of the money market. In consequence
of the outlook for the largest grain yield ever harvested
in Canada, the requirements for currency during the
movement of the crops will necessarily be on a more
extended scale than ever. The note circulation of Cana-
dian banks is restricted to the amount of paid-up capital,
but as the banking capital within the past twelve months
has been increased over eight millions, bankers will be

legally entitled to issue \$8,000,000 more
currency notes than a year ago. The
maximum note circulation of the banks
in Canada last year was in October,
when it amounted to \$78,464,648. While
some of the banks had issued notes to
their full limit, the banks jointly, having
a capital of \$83,864,000 in Oct. last, had
leeway of \$5,000,000 to come and go on.
As a rule the minimum circulation of
our banks is in May, and the maximum
in October. The note circulation is
greater now than ever before in the
summer months, owing to the general
activity and prosperous conditions existing, but there
appears to be no apprehension in financial circles as to
the ability of bankers furnishing sufficient currency for
all purposes the coming autumn. All indications point
to a much greater volume of note circulation this fall, and
the record of last year will be broken. At that time cir-
culation reached \$78,464,648, which was an increase of
\$20,330,000 in five months. With a proportionate in-
crease during the same period of the present year, cir-
culation will reach \$85,000,000 in October. Anything un-
der \$90,000,000 will be within the limit of the law. In
October, 1904, the notes outstanding reached \$72,716,817,
an increase of \$14,850,000, for the five months of ex-
panding circulation. In 1903, the circulation rose to
\$70,480,000, an increase of \$13,500,000. In 1902, it reach-
ed \$67,535,000, an increase of \$16,800,000, and in 1901
circulation rose to \$57,954,000, an increase of \$11,800,000
for the five months of that year.

The half-yearly report of the Dominion Bank came out
this week. It is the first statement signed
by the new general manager, Mr. C. A.
Bogert, and cannot but be gratifying to
the officers as well as to shareholders.

For the six months ended June 30th, the bank shows a
net profit of \$269,704, which is within a small fraction of
9 per cent. on its paid-up capital of \$3,000,000. Two
quarterly dividends of 2 per cent. each were paid share-
holders, which took \$180,000. The sum of \$89,705 was
added to the profit and loss account, which makes a credit
balance of \$339,142 at the beginning of the present month.
The deposits of the Dominion Bank are relatively very
large, aggregating \$32,307,163, of which \$3,761,429 bear
no interest. Its circulation at this quiet time is \$2,838,800,
or within \$161,200 of the limit prescribed by its charter.
The Dominion Bank does a very large grain trade, and
to enable it to handle its proportion of the season's busi-
ness, a new issue of capital stock seems probable. While
the paid-up capital stock is \$3,000,000, the bank has a
reserve fund of \$3,500,000. Total assets of the bank are
\$42,293,329, of which \$15,713,102 are almost immediately
available.

There is no likelihood of interest rates being reduced in
the near future. Business is too active
to expect it, and the handling of the crops
will curtail in a great measure the amount
of bankers' balances, which are usually doled out to
brokers and speculators. It is thus pretty clear that
while there is every reason to believe the country will
have a very prosperous season of activity, the market for
securities will be circumscribed for lack of money. Good
securities can be bought that will yield from 4 to 4 1/2
per cent., but on the other hand money is worth 5 1/2 per
cent. and more. The stock market is consequently in a
rut. There is little or no speculation, and in many in-
stances prices are a shade weaker. The securities listed
in Toronto are being added to, however. Rio Janeiro
stock and bonds secured official quotations here for the
first time last week. The amount of the stock is given
at \$21,993,000, and bonds \$20,900,000, while the author-
ized stocks and bonds are \$25,000,000 each.

By the election this week of Mr. Norman Seagram and
Mr. D. S. Cassels, the membership of the
Toronto Stock Exchange has been in-
creased to thirty-seven. The membership
of this Exchange is restricted to forty,
and consequently there are only three vacancies. Mr.
Seagram bought the seat of Mr. J. W. Beatty, who re-
tired from business about two years ago. The price paid
was in the neighborhood of \$16,000. Mr. Seagram has
been a member of the firm of Buchanan, Seagram & Co.
for some years. He is a son of Mr. Joseph Seagram, the
distinguished horseman and winner of the King's Plate,
and son-in-law of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Cassels has been
associated in business for some time with Mr. Jaffray, and
is a son of the late Mr. Walter Cassels, who was in the
brokerage business many years ago. The number of
Toronto Stock Exchange firms is 28. One firm has three
seats, eight firms have two seats each, and the others have
but one seat each. It is said that Mr. C. S. Gowski is
about to retire from business, in which case his seat
would be on the market.

The United States Government crop report, published on
July 10th, was practically unchanged from
that of a month ago, and with the excep-
tion of oats, the condition is similar to
that of a year ago. A yield of 730,000,000 of bushels of
wheat is indicated as against a total yield last year of
700,000,000. The crop of corn is estimated at 2,674,000,
000 of bushels, as against 2,700,000,000 a year ago. Oats
are estimated at 872,000,000 of bushels, which is a de-
crease of 80,000,000 of bushels as compared with 1905.
Under ordinary circumstances, the publication of such a
good report would have caused an improvement in the
prices of securities, but it fell flat. The enormous supply
of new securities issued since January 1st, estimated at
\$827,000,000, of which \$602,000,000 were bonds and
\$225,000,000 stocks, have to find a market, and investors
are naturally apathetic and discouraged.

The railways in America have had an exceptionally good
year. Full reports for the period ended
Big Increases. June 30th are not yet forthcoming, but a
good many of them have reported their
earnings for the eleven months ended May 31, and an
additional number have reported gross up to the end of
the third week in June. The Canadian Pacific Railway
for the fiscal year shows an increase in gross earnings
of 22 per cent. over the previous year, the Northern Pa-
cific an increase of 20 per cent., the Great Northern an
increase of 19 per cent., the Norfolk and Western an in-
crease of 17 per cent., the Rock Island an increase of 16

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President.

J. TURNBULL, Vice-Prest. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000
Total Assets - 29,000,000

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at all offices. Interest allowed on de-
posits of one dollar and upwards at
highest current rates, compounded
half-yearly. Money may be with-
drawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of
Corporations, Firms and Individuals
on favorable terms and shall be
pleased to meet or correspond with
those who contemplate making
changes or opening new accounts.

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is for the convenience of
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El Aguila de Oro

THERE is no better known name and trade mark identified
with Havana Cigars than "BOCK." This name has for
several generations stood for fine quality only, and has without
doubt had as much influence in building up the reputation of
Havana Cigars as any one brand known to the public.

Lately this factory has branched out into the manufacture
of Cigarettes with tobacco and paper wrappers. For a short
smoke nothing is more agreeable than a

BOCK all Tobacco Cigarette

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Imports More Cigars Than All Other Dealers Combined



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(70 YONGE ST.)

If you eat merely
for the purpose of
warding off hunger,
almost any restaurant
will do.

BUT if you are an
epicure, and eat
partly for the pleasure
that is to be derived
from choice food,
cooked by a chef who
understands the art of
it—then you will not
find complete satisfac-
tion outside of

THE.....
**St. Charles
Dutch Grill**

per cent., the Pennsylvania and Union
Pacific an increase of 15 per cent.
each, the Atchison, Baltimore and
Ohio and Erie, each an increase of
14 per cent., the Chicago and North-
Western and Lake Shore an increase
of 13 per cent. each, and the New
York Central, St. Paul, and Louis-
ville and Nashville 10 per cent. each.
Smaller roads, like the Canadian
Northern and Sault Ste. Marie, show
increased earnings of over 20 per
cent.

O. K.

In a Massachusetts cemetery there
is a monument erected to a large fam-

ily of O'Kelleys. Now the O'Kelleys
were too many for the monument,
and towards the last there was not
room enough for the surnames. So
this is the way the later names were
cut in: William O. K.; John O. K.;
Mary O. K.—"Lippincott's."

After Commencement.

"Are you going to take your son
into business with you?"
"Not now. I'm going to wait until
he has forgotten all he's been taught."
—Exchange.

Recuperate at . . .

Cook's Turkish Baths

When the discomfort and lassitude of a sultry, "sticky" day have sapped your energies and wilted your vim, come to Cook's Turkish Baths and get toned up.

Cook's system will drain out the decomposing, devitalizing perspiration, open the pores to vigorous action and do what no other Turkish bath can, fill the body with energizing, fresh ozone.

No other Turkish Bath has the modern oxygen supplying apparatus by which Cook's is ventilated.

Comfortable all-night sleeping accommodations. An appetizing supper served in the Turkish lounge rooms.

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freckle easily, a bottle
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for preserving the
complexion, removing discolorations, blotches,
and other skin troubles. It will keep
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and a highly skilled staff attend to the
care of hair, scalp, face and hands.
Consult Canada's most successful scalp
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for falling hair. Our gray hair restorer
and Capelline superfluous hair restorer
are the only harmless preparations. Ad-
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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

XIV.



MR. HAROLD E. DENISON OF RUSHOLME,
Lieutenant, R.N., of H.M.S. Torpedo Destroyer Brasen,
at Portsmouth.

Social and Personal.

Miss Essie Doherty, who spent some months in Toronto a few years ago, and was very much admired, was married last Saturday week, in Montreal, on her arrival from England, to Mr. Gerard Murgatroyd. The couple proceeded to Winnipeg, where, I believe, they intend residing.

Mrs. Grubbe, mother of Mr. Harry Grubbe, is visiting in Toronto, and is at Mrs. Orde's in Sussex avenue.

Mrs. Francis and her family are at Dulce Domum, Center Island. Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis are also spending some time there. Miss Francis will be an August bride; her marriage has been arranged for a date during the visit of her uncle, Dr. Osler, Regius Professor at Oxford, who will give her away.

The Ollapodrida which was gotten up on last Friday and Saturday to raise a fund for the furnishing of the new L.A.A.A. pavilion, easily took the cake for success, as on the first day it netted over five hundred dollars. The committee is quite jubilant over this, and the rustic furniture was much admired at the opening dance on Thursday evening. The pavilion is two stories high, the ground floor a boat-house and the upper floor with balcony facing on Long Pond, a dancing room for the assemblies. The balcony is not very wide, and in time will probably be continued round the other sides of the pavilion, which was not quite completed before the dance on Thursday. The Islanders are to be congratulated on the pretty new hall.

Visitors to Center Island on several afternoons this week found ideal conditions and huge crowds enjoying them. Here was a family group taking picnic tea, there a bevy of juveniles seated at impromptu tables and being generously stuffed with the orthodox solids and dainties of the Sunday school feast; girls and men deftly tossing the ball; games of baseball, races, and various uproarious laughs concerning them. Every age of man, from the baby in his carrier to the patient granddaddy minding him—a good-natured, prosperous-looking crowd, of which the city might be justly proud. Out in the bay, anchored before the lordly Yacht Club was a lovely fleet, visiting yachts such as the *Alice* of Rochester flying the Union Jack at the bow and her own national flag at the stern. Mr. Jarvis's fine yacht reversing that order, not to omit the courtesy to the stranger. The howling green is simply in perfect order, and the rules ordering rubber soles to be worn by the players are posted in conspicuous parts. The usual fair contingent was on the upper verandah enjoying the excellent club tea, all perfectly charming to admiring guests. By the way, a courtly Englishman took exception to the printed notice which reads that "Ladies must not" do something or other. "In England," said he, "we should say, 'Ladies will please not,' and would never use such a rough word as must."

On Tuesday evening the R. C. Y. C. members' dinner and hop was as successful as usual, the lovely night securing a large turnout and some very pretty girls being present.

On Friday of last week Major Albert Gooderham lent the fine steam yacht *Cleopatra* for a moonlight sail, which was enjoyed by a party of about four score of the Daughters of the Empire and their lords and masters, brothers and other male encumbrances. About ten o'clock the yacht stewards, spotlessly gotten up in white, served a tempting little summer night supper, which was much enjoyed, and about eleven the *Cleo* brought the party back to the city. Among those who were aboard were Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Gooderham, Major Michie, Major and Mrs. Selwyn, Colonel Swayne, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. W. Gooderham, Miss Helen Davidson, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss and Miss Nadine Kerr, Miss Wornum, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Bob Scott, Mr. Plumb, Mr. Houston, Mr. Cambie, Mr. George Alexander, Dr. Wright, Mr. Sniveley, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Charlie Beardmore.

Professor and Mrs. William Clark are spending the vacation in Muskoka.

The *Cleopatra* goes out every afternoon at two o'clock, when her owner takes out his friends, and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft is a most hospitable and charming hostess.

Miss Frances Coen of Chicago, who has been spending the summer in Toronto, was called home rather sud-

denly this week, owing to her father's illness. She left on Wednesday, I believe. Miss Coen has been for some months contributing some ripping good articles in the shape of sporting stories to *Bit and Spur* of Chicago, and her own illustrations add to the value and interest of her sketches. Miss Coen is a daring and expert horsewoman as becomes her Irish blood, and a most delightfully attractive, intelligent, and magnetic girl.

The verandah tea, an Island function, *par excellence*, is flourishing bravely just now, while verandah bridge is also a very favorite way of spending the afternoon. On any bright afternoon cosy parties engaged in enjoying either pastime may be seen on smart verandahs on the lake front or elsewhere.

Lady Kipppatrick expected a short visit from her brother, Mr. W. Molson Macpherson, to-day.

Mr. James Plummer and Miss Plummer sailed for England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hudson gave a cosy party on their steam launch on Wednesday to the Humber, at which some of their guests were Mrs. McLean of Ottawa, and Major and Mrs. Selwyn. The perfect weather made the outing more than usually enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee are going abroad next month.

A constant and informal hospitality is making friends of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt conversant with the charm of their new home on Davenport Hill. The pretty lodge, where they are now enjoying a semi-country life, is an ideal little house for such *dolce far niente*, but when Casa Loma rears its head on the crest of the hill, it will be a very beautiful and stately pile. Sir Henry has his own ideas of what he wants, and there is nothing small about them; the whole house will be equipped with the very latest and most luxurious contrivances in the heating, ventilating, and lighting lines, and marvels of ingenuity they are. At present the home of Sir Henry's noble equines is in course of construction, and is solidly mounting from deep foundations, but as yet not a sod has been turned on the site of the mansion to be. The conservatories and fruit-houses are in fine order, and the garden growing in beauty. It takes time to get crude hill-tops into shape for a gentleman's residence, and "there's no hurry" is a watchword which can fortunately be put in use in this case. Mr. Bethune of Ottawa came up on Saturday for a short visit to Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt.

Lord Aylmer, G.O.C., was in town last week.

Mrs. Grant Macdonald, assisted by Miss Helen Macdonald, gave a tea for her guest, Miss Pinkney, on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie is going to Minnigog shortly with her young people for the vacation.

The thousands of contributors to the Canadian gifts to the new battleship *Dominion* will be pleased to hear that the ship will be in a Canadian port next month.

Dr. and Mrs. Holford Walker are summering at the Tadenac Club, on Georgian Bay.

Mr. George Beardmore sailed for England on the *Virginian* on Thursday, July 5. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McCarthy, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Miss Veals and Fraulien Rahtzen, Sir Adolphe Caron, and Mr. R. B. Henderson also sailed on the *Virginian* for Liverpool.

Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson will spend a holiday at Roach's Point, where they have taken a furnished house. They do not leave town until next week.

Dr. Lionel Pritchard, who has been residing at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, for the past three years, is paying a visit to his mother, in Woodlawn avenue. He is having a busy time enjoying the hospitality of old Toronto friends.

Mrs. and Miss Edna Kent of London are at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The dashing play of graceful Miss Edna is admired by the watchers of the tennis there this week.

Mrs. Hillyard Cameron is visiting at Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Gordon Osler and her children are down the St. Lawrence for the summer.

Table-forks are a comparatively modern invention. They have been in general use only during the last few hundred years. They were first used by the Italians as early as the twelfth century; but it was not until the end of the fifteenth that they came into general use. In other countries at that time the use of table-forks was considered a contemptible vice, and in 1450 Marius praised the King of Hungary for eating with his fingers without soiling his clothes. In the sixteenth century forks were not used in Sweden, and at the end of the same century they were novelties at the French Court, where the French beauties soiled their dainty fingers in conveying their food to their mouths. Strange to say, England was one of the last among the larger nations to adopt the use of table-forks, and Ben Jonson, in his play, *The Devil is an Ass*, says: "The laudable use of forks is being brought into custom here as in Italy, to the sparing of napkins." In monasteries the use of forks in eating was considered sinful, and was strictly forbidden, and it was not until Shakespeare had been in his grave for twenty years that forks came into general use in England.

The Imperial kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey is more like a fortress than a place to cook his meals, for it has an armor-plated door and is fitted with locks which can only be opened by one man. As each course is prepared it is placed on a silver dish, which is sealed with red wax by the *kelardjhi*, the official responsible for his Sovereign's food, and then a black velvet cover is placed over the dish to keep it warm. A procession of people follow the meal into the Imperial chamber, the seals being broken in the Sultan's presence, and often the *kelardjhi* is requested to taste some particular dish. The cost of the Sultan's food does not exceed £1,000 a year, for it is mostly entrees and boiled eggs, but to feed the numerous members of his household and pay all domestic expenses lessens his annual income of £2,000,000 by £14,000 a week.

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The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French, under a resident French Mistress, assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages. Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College and give individual care to the pupils. Instruction in swimming will be given in the new swimming bath.

Large grounds adjoin the College, and afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc. In Summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in Winter. A new Junior School is now being erected. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving and Basket Weaving.

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PRINCIPAL—HENRY W. AUDEN, M. A., Cambridge, late Sixth Form Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

THE COLLEGE WILL RE-OPEN for the Autumn term on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, 1906, at 10 a. m.

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ZULU

THE major interest in history of Zululand's chiefs paramount Chaka, Dingane, Chaka came in people were infested by other tribe. In made them all-shape to their his Dingane was the with advancing persons of the fought the British ers killed a pri Napoleon, and the liberty of Zulu forever.

From the time mould the Zulu came a colony of is a span of less of a century. Y of wars were wa ties perpetrated kings, Zululand fell as an indepe

CHAKA was the Zulus. Sezagacane, who He was born ab was fifteen year mother quarrel fearing for the son, against wh threats, fled to whose chief, U Zululand tribu

Amatwa army courage soon ra private soldier t siderable reputa of his father's d a great favorite his adopted co try, his fame reached Zulul and so he was ed by his own p ple to be their k About the su time his prote died, and Ch also became h of the Amatw tribe.

Then he began bloody career war as ever known in Lo Africa. With united Amatw and Zulu armies swept the cou far and near. T after tribe came der his yoke. W regions were populated to a n the birds and be of carrion w given more wor a day than in his authority h African continen and from Umzi on the southwe the northeast. must have falle at one time or custom to show feated army o villages run acro of a campaign.

But the bloo all Chaka's acts ed the death mother. An ut witness was a w of Flynn, who h shipwreck by C the latter's frien recorded what h "As soon as nounced the w who were presen sons every des

"Chaka now a in which the b twenty minutes mournful attitud deep sighs, he yells. "This signal chief and peopl about fifteen the most disma tations. All th continued, none or to refresh th

"The morning noon the num sixty thousand. indescribably ho lying faint fro carcasses of fo These had bee offering to the tribe. "At noon the circle, with Ch sang a war son ordered some n the spot, and t violent. "No further the multitude massacre. Tow calculated that had fallen. Am unarmed and universe was c "The sun s now put an, en sacre. The cr o'clock the fol the chief beca and his becar take some ref

ZULU CHIEFS AND PEOPLE

BY
OSWALD D. MURRAY

THE major and by far the most interesting portion of the history of the Zulus, a number of whom have lately been in rebellion against the British, can be studied in the careers of Zululand's three most famous chiefs paramount, or kings. These are Chaka, Dingane and Ketchwayo.

Chaka came into power when his people were inferior in the art of war and practically tributary to another tribe. In a few years he had made them all-powerful and given shape to their history into this day. Dingane was the first Zulu to clash with advancing civilization in the persons of the Boers. Ketchwayo fought the British in 1879, his soldiers killed a prince of the House of Napoleon, and when he surrendered, the liberty of Zululand passed away forever.

From the time Chaka began to mould the Zulu nation until it became a colony of Great Britain there is a span of less than three quarters of a century. Yet in this time scores of wars were waged, countless cruelties perpetrated in the name of the kings, Zululand rose, declined and fell as an independent power.

CHAKA was the greatest king of the Zulus. He was a son of Sezagane, who ruled before him. He was born about 1787. When he was fifteen years old his father and mother quarrelled, and the latter, fearing for the life of herself and son, against whom the king made threats, fled to the Amatetwa tribe, whose chief, Udingiswayo, held the Zulus tributary. Chaka entered the Amatetwa army, and by skill and courage soon raised himself from a private soldier to an induna of considerable reputation. By the time of his father's death he had become a great favorite in his adopted country, his fame had reached Zululand, and so he was called by his own people to be their king. About the same time his protector died, and Chaka also became head of the Amatetwa tribe.

Then he began as bloody career of war as ever was known in Lower Africa. With the united Amatetwa and Zulu armies he swept the country far and near. Tribes after tribes came under his yoke. Whole regions were depopulated to a man; the birds and beasts of carrion were given more work in a day than they could do in a year. In 1822 he had pushed his authority half way across the African continent from the seacoast, and from Umzimvubu, or St. Johns, on the southwest, to Inhambane on the northeast. Tens of thousands must have fallen before his assegai at one time or another, for it was his custom to show no mercy to a defeated army or the inhabitants of villages run across during the course of a campaign.

But the bloodiest and cruellest of all Chaka's acts was that which marked the death and burial of his mother. An unwilling and horrified witness was a white man of the name of Flynn, who had been rescued from shipwreck by Chaka and favored by the latter's friendship. Mr. Flynn has recorded what he heard and saw:

"As soon as the death was announced the women and the men who were present tore from their persons every description of ornament. Chaka now appeared before the hut in which the body lay. For about twenty minutes he stood in silent, mournful attitude. After two or three deep sighs, he broke out into fanatic yells.

"This signal was sufficient. The chief and people, to the number of about fifteen thousand, commenced the most dismal and horrible lamentations. All through the night this continued, none daring to take a rest or to refresh themselves with water. The morning dawned, and before noon the number had increased to sixty thousand. The cries became indescribably horrible. Hundreds were lying faint from fatigue, while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap. These had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe.

"At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Chaka in their center, and sang a war song. At the close Chaka ordered some men to be executed on the spot, and the cries became more violent.

"No further orders were needed. The multitude commenced a general massacre. Toward the afternoon I calculated that seven thousand people had fallen. Amidst this scene I stood unharmed and felt as if the whole universe was coming to an end.

"The sun set again, and Chaka now put an end to this general massacre. The cries continued until ten o'clock the following morning, when the chief became somewhat pacified, and his subjects were permitted to take some refreshment.

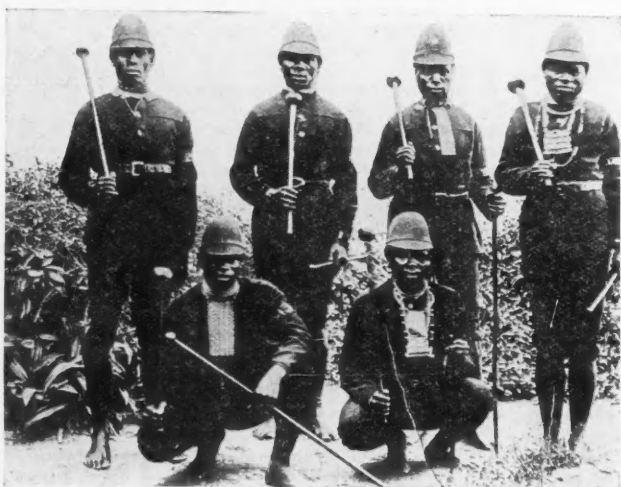
"On the second day Chaka's mother was buried, and ten of the best-looking girls of the kraal were buried alive with her. I was told this; I was not allowed to be present.

"Twelve thousand men were formed into a regiment to guard the grave. About fifteen thousand head of cattle were set apart for their use as offerings to the spirits of the departed queen and her ill-fated attendants."

CHAKA further honored the memory of his mother by sending out regiments of soldiers to slay all who had not been present at the general wailing. At the end of the year Chaka left the kraal where his mother had died and went with his whole nation and cattle, the latter numbering about one hundred thousand, to Tuguzo, on the Umvoti river, Natal. Mr. Flynn, who had started out to pay Chaka a visit, met him on his march.

"He told me that another lamentation was to take place. I begged him to grant me one request. He smiled, and asked what it could possibly be. I entreated him not to allow, on this occasion, any of his people to be put to death. He at once called for Goman (his principal chief), and laughing 'that I should plead for the life of dogs,' gave orders to him to see that none were put to death."

Chaka kept strictly to his agreement, and at this second and last lamentation the most interesting thing was the ceremony of purification. Each regiment presented itself before Chaka, and each individual, holding the gall bladder of a slaughtered calf in his hand, sprinkled the



ZULULAND POLICEMEN, ENGLISH STYLE.

gall over him. After this Chaka set about to wage war against what few tribes in his part of Africa he had not already wiped out or brought under his feet.

Chaka gave Zululand its first standing army. He broke up clanship and took away power from the chiefs. He divided the women into classes, or regiments, according to age, and a class had to marry into whatever fighting regiment he ordered. Regiments were not allowed to marry until they had put on "rings," that is, distinguished themselves on the field of battle a prescribed number of years. Hence marriage did not take place until about the age of forty.

Though he had wives by the tens he always held that he had no offspring. Once, when a new-born baby was presented to him as his father, he killed the infant with a blow and then murdered the mother. There is a Zulu tradition that all children born to him were killed by his order.

ANOTHER story that is told about him in Zululand to this day has to do with the bloody trick he played on the witch doctors.

Unlike most Zulus, Chaka did not have much faith in them and their doings. Accordingly, he laid a trap in order to discredit them. He and two conspirators one night sprinkled some bullock's blood over the huts of several kraals. He then assembled all the witch doctors of Zululand, and ordered them to "smell out" the man or men who had done this thing. All the doctors except two accused innocent persons; these two boldly named the king as the perpetrator of the deed. Thereupon Chaka smilingly ordered all the doctors except the two sly ones to the execution block.

Chaka was assassinated in 1829. The conspirators were two of his brothers, Dingane and Umblangana, and Satain, a principal domestic. An assegai was thrust into his back while he was seated. He arose, as if to defend himself, then fell. The last words of this, the greatest of Zulu chieftains, were, "What have I done to you, children of my father?" Dingane succeeded him.

Dingane proved no less cruel and crafty. He put a brother to death that he might have an excuse to destroy the people in the ten kraals that belonged to this brother and so confiscated the property, in accordance

with Zulu custom.

He was also fond of his little joke, and not averse to playing it on the missionaries whom he permitted to go among his people. One has recorded this incident:

"Dingane sent for us early this morning. He asked me why I was in such a hurry to teach his people. I said that life was short. He asked how that could be, as, according to me, we were all to wake again. He sent forth his servants, who, with loud voices, called all the men of the town together. When they were all seated, to the number of three hundred, he told me that I might now preach the same words to them which I had spoken yesterday, and begged me to go forward and stand in the midst of them. Dingane was not attentive. He made sport with a blind man, whom he bade go and look for something. The poor fellow stumbled, ran against me, and fell over my auditory. I felt grieved."

IT was in Dingane's time that the Boers trekked into Zulu country. A party of Boers, under the command of Governor Retief, sought out Dingane to gain his consent to their taking over a part of the uninhabited country. As entertainment for the Boers, Dingane ordered the backs of their horses and shot off their guns. Dingane longed inordinately to possess the guns, and sent a messenger to Retief demanding them. This was refused, and naturally so.

The next day the crafty Dingane invited all the Boers, to the number of about a hundred, into the cattle fold to take leave of him. But before entering upon the ceremonies of leave-taking he ordered his people to dance. This they did, forming, as usual, into a half moon. Nearer and nearer they swung toward the Boers; at last they were within arm's reach, when Dingane ordered the white men seized. This was speedily done, eight or ten Zulus laying hold of every man. The prisoners were then dragged to a hill-top and there executed, in the full glare of day, and before the eyes of the horrified missionaries. Dingane justified the deed on the ground that the Boers would have killed him had he not killed them first.

Dingane followed up this act of treachery by attacking the main camp of the Boers, some miles distant from his capital, Unkunsinghlova. At first the Zulu was successful, but the Boers rallied, and drove the enemy off with a loss of at least five hundred killed. Ten of the Zulu King's regiments took part in this attempted massacre. Thereafter there was continual warfare between Dingane and the Boers. Dingane practically wiped out two punitive expeditions dispatched into his land, and for weeks after his second victory his regiments ravaged the country far and wide. Finally, however, the emigrants routed his army and took and destroyed his capital.

But Dingane was not yet beaten. With a stubbornness that was all but sublime he kept up the fight, and not until the Boers made common cause with Dingane's brother Panda, in rebellion against the king, was Dingane overwhelmed and obliged to flee to a neighboring tribe for refuge. Here he died miserably a little later. This was in 1840.

PANDA was succeeded in 1872 by Ketchwayo, who waged disastrous war against the British in 1879. Ketchwayo was a great warrior. His fighting career may be said to have begun in earnest sixteen years before he succeeded his father. Ketchwayo and his brother, Umbulazi, were rivals for the Zulu throne. This rivalry became so intense that there was no waiting to fight it out after the father's death, and after Ketchwayo had driven his brother's army into the Tugela, where most of those who had escaped on land perished, the succession was decided in Ketchwayo's favor. Later on, however, another brother, Umtonga, showed signs of disputing Ketchwayo's rights. Umtonga fled, and thirty kraals of the tribe that sheltered him were utterly destroyed, men, women, and children being massacred at Ketchwayo's command.

Ketchwayo succeeded his father in 1872. He applied to the English Government to recognize him as King of the Zulus, and a Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, as the Queen's representative, crowned him, then fell. The last words of this, the greatest of Zulu chieftains, were, "What have I done to you, children of my father?" Dingane succeeded him.

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kill all absentees.

"You sick men are of no use to the country, so I will save the doctors the trouble of attending on you," he said. Thousands of men thus met death.

HE ordered a certain regiment, or class, of women to marry the men of one of his regiments. The women demurred, saying there were too few men. The King told off another regiment. Still the women balked. Then Ketchwayo had a regiment kill most of them.

A true Zulu, Ketchwayo had no fear of war with any tribe or nation, black or white, and so when he began to see signs of trouble with the British, he forced some of their envoys to witness a review of the Zulu army, insulted and challenged them to combat. Either personally or through his indunas (subsidiary chiefs) he hurled defiance at the British every chance he got and heaped insults on civil and military authorities with equal impartiality. He forced the missionaries and traders out of his realms, and stubbornly refused all the demands of the British.

He was certain that his warriors would be able to wipe out the British columns with expedition. Had he not spent three years in preparation, and were not his people supreme over all the blacks round about? Therefore his was a rude awakening when his forces were shattered and Ulundi proved his Waterloo.

From that day until the rising of the chief Bambatta, Zululand has been comparatively quiet. Now that Bambatta has been found dead on the field of battle, there seems good reason to believe that the rebellious forces will soon be quelled. The generalship displayed by Bambatta was of no mean order, and for the sake of Zululand it is a good thing that the present is not as the time of Chaka and Dingane and Ketchwayo. Under such favorable conditions Bambatta would probably have become a terror in Zululand and all the surrounding territory.

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Full information, reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Remember the Waiter.

Jenkins had dined well at a public dinner, and it so happened that he was the last guest to depart. He felt very pleased with all the world, and himself in particular. After the cloak-room attendant had helped him into his top-coat Jenkins noticed that worthy was looking very glum. "Why so sad?" asked Jenkins, "have tips been few and far between?" "Worse than that," replied the disconsolate waiter, "not only have they not tipped me, but they took the change I put in the plate for a decoy."

Answers

Plenty of Them.

"You can't show me a single reason," blustered the paterfamilias, "why we should go to the seashore this summer."

"What?" cried his wife, pointing to their quartette of marriageable daughters. "I can show you four single reasons."—Philadelphia "Ledger."

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Athletics

THE Canadian Golf Tournament at Ottawa was an undoubted success. The entry list was very large, and the competition in all the events was of the keenest possible description. George S. Lyon of the Lambton Club, in the final for the Canadian championship, defeated Douglas Laird of the Toronto Golf Club by 5 up and 4 to go. This is the fifth time that the redoubtable Lambton player has won this premier honor in Canadian golf. Age does not seem to have abated the vigor of his driving or lessened his accuracy and judgment in critical moments, and it will probably be some years yet before some younger opponent strips him of his laurels. A pleasing feature of the tournament was the excellent showing made by some of the younger players. It is in the bringing out and development of new talent that a national tournament renders its greatest service to the game. Its purpose is not primarily to glorify one or two players, but to create a sustained interest in golf throughout the whole country, and to better the standard of play. These functions the tournament this year has admirably discharged. It has brought to light several players, notably J. Morgan and T. H. Reith, whose fame will in future years be writ large in the annals of the game.

The victory of Mr. Lyon will furnish a fresh argument for those who claim that veteran experience is superior to youthful enthusiasm. This old case of "veteran versus youth" has been argued since the beginning of time, with great and weighty proof on both sides, but has never yet reached a conclusion one way or the other. It is one of those questions like Radicalism or Conservatism, democracy or absolutism, on which human opinion always varies. In every sport there are men who refuse to give youth a chance, and those who are indignant at the thought of old men of forty daring to compete with lusty striplings. Very often these "old men" surpass youths of twenty in mere physical agility and endurance, and often the "boys" display a coolness and resource that put veterans to shame. It is almost certain, however, that a team composed wholly of veterans or wholly of youths will not be nearly so effective as a team in which youth and experience are judiciously blended. Such a combination will possess the qualities of both the component parts, and the virtues of the one will neutralize the defects. Those who have in their hands the selection of important athletic teams cannot bear this too clearly in mind. There is too often a tendency to shelve young players. The result is that many a young fellow drops out of the game in disgust, or deteriorates in his play through lack of opportunity to develop his skill.

The Lambton Golf Club tournament, to be held August 4 to 11, will be one of the most important events of the golf season in this city. The tournament will be unique in this respect, that it will be open to all amateur players of recognized golf clubs in the United States. The committee in charge are making every effort to insure the proper entertainment of visiting players, and it is to be hoped that many American visitors will be on hand to give an international flavor to the competition. It will also be an excellent opportunity for the players in the districts outside of Toronto to extend their golf reputation beyond their own immediate vicinity. The clubs in the large cities are often severely censured for the lack of consideration which they show outside golfers in selecting teams for important matches, but the fault is not due to selfishness, but to the impossibility of selecting a man on hearsay reputation. There is necessary some recognized standard of comparison, and this is furnished only by tournament and match play. It is always difficult for the unknown to win his spurs, but his honor is all the greater if he competes against the best players in the land, and in spite of difficulties demonstrates his worth. Accordingly, the members of small clubs whose abilities are not yet known to the public should not fail to enter in the large tournaments. If they do not compete they have no cause to complain about the selfishness of large clubs.

The Lambton Club is rendering every assistance to such players. The conditions of the tournament make it possible for every amateur to enter, and the great number of events gives everyone a chance for a prize. All the entries must be made to the honorary secretary, H. H. Macnamara, "Saturday Night" Building, on the form supplied. Each player entering must forward a certificate from his club secretary, certifying as to his handicap in his home club, and if this handicap is not made from a bogey score, his certificate must also state how much higher than bogey the

handicap is made from. The entrance fees, which must accompany the entries, are: For the championship (first, second, and third flights) and the open handicap, \$1.00; for all other events, 50 cents per player. The following is the list of events:

Championship—Divided into three flights. Eighteen holes match play. First flight open to all. Second flight open to players handicapped from 4 to 11 inclusive. Third flight open to players handicapped from 12 to 18 inclusive. If preliminary rounds are necessary, they will be played on the morning of August 4. (Entries close August 3.)

Consolation Handicap—Eighteen holes medal play. Open only to defeated contestants in first, second, and third flights of championship. (Entries close 12.30 p.m. August 6.)

Approaching Competition—Entries close August 6.

Open Bogey Handicap Competition—Eighteen holes against bogey. (Entries close August 6.)

Open Mixed Foursome Handicap—Eighteen holes medal play. Open to ladies and gentlemen. (Entries close August 7.)

Driving Competition—Entries close August 7.

Open Team Match—Thirty-six holes medal play. Open to teams of four men a side from any one club. (Entries close August 8.)

Open Handicap Foursome—Eighteen holes medal play. (Entries close August 9.)

Putting Competition—Entries close August 9.

Open Handicap—Eighteen holes medal play. First half of the entries in this event will play at 9 a.m. Second half at 2.15 p.m. (Entries close August 10.)

Prizes will be given for each event.

One of the hardest things to explain in athletics is the temporary loss of form, as it is called, which many athletes experience in the very height of their success. One day a man is able to sprint in record time, to make marvellous catches in baseball, to drive faultlessly in golf or cricket; the next he performs like a tyro, and in every case has one set form of excuse, namely, that his "eye" is gone. It is not that his physical condition is worse; as a matter of fact, he may be in far better trim than the day on which his play was perfect. Many a man has won races in spite of ill health and physical exhaustion, and, getting into perfect condition, has been unable to duplicate his previous performances. Such a state of affairs seems highly irrational. It is natural to suppose that a body, like a machine, should do the best work when in the highest state of efficiency. This is almost invariably the case in simple athletic exercises like weight-lifting, but the quality of performance is not nearly so constant in more complex athletics, where judgment has continually to be exercised. The reason is that these higher forms of athletics call for qualities of mind as well as of body; and when athletes lose their "eye," we must seek an explanation, not in the realm of hygiene, but of psychology.

Loss of form, that condition wherein an experienced and seasoned player

finds himself unable to play a ball exactly as he would wish, or in the direction which he has deliberately chosen, is due in most cases to mental anxiety. The fear of losing preys upon the mind; a strange form of excitement deranges the nice balance of the mental processes, and suspends the faculty of judgment. The nerves stimulate the muscles too much or too little, and the batter strikes too soon or too late. The player is in the same state of mental agitation as the man who loses his presence of mind in a boating accident, and throws overboard a heavy anchor in the place of a life-belt. This loss of form is more usual with a player who has fads and fancies than with one of a phlegmatic disposition. The fanciful player is ruffled by the slightest incident—a noise, a cloud passing the sun, or a group of silent onlookers—and his mental irritation reacts upon his play. The crowd of "rooters" at baseball games are well acquainted with this kind of player, although ignorant of the interaction of physical and mental states. Their one aim is to create a disturbance that will "rattle" the pitcher, and a "rattled" pitcher is, we know very well, not the most stable of existing things.

From all this one can see the wisdom of the familiar advice—"Keep cool." A calm indifference is the thing to be cultivated by players who wish to go on from day to day in one continuous round of consistent performances. It is the cool, stoical, phlegmatic man who never loses his form. Nevertheless, it must be said of the player with "nerves" that very often, buoyed up by intense mental excitement, he will climb heights unscalable by the cool gentleman who never feels any elation, and consequently any stimulus. A "fine frenzy," well directed, will aid athletic champions as well as poets.

Jackson Goes Fishing

By Lewis Worthington Smith

FOR three summers Jackson had stayed at home during the vacation season, while Mrs. Jackson and the children went away to enjoy themselves. The fourth summer was now at hand, and again it was clear that all of them, could not afford to go. The preceding year, while he kept busy at work at home and tried to satisfy himself with the few brief letters that her absorption in various recreating activities permitted Mrs. Jackson to write, he had concluded that another year he would take his turn. This decision had established itself permanently in his mind when for a whole week of that summer he had been without so much as a line from her, and now there was evidently nothing to do but inform her of his intention of taking a holiday and of taking it, by painful necessity, without her.

When he made the announcement Mrs. Jackson could not comprehend, could not believe him. She had been so long accustomed to thinking that she must have her summer outing

whether the condition of their bank account permitted him to go too, or not, that she could not at once adjust herself to any other way of seeing things. She protested; she came as near storming as her sense of personal dignity would permit; at length she even entreated; but by all of these things alike Jackson was unmoved.

Recognizing this finally, his wife acquiesced with the best grace possible, and by her own volition went to work getting things ready for the trip. The ability to surrender so delightfully as to seem to be conferring a favor was one of Mrs. Jackson's most valuable accomplishments. She chose that method of self-assertion now, and even in the triumph of his own purpose Jackson felt humble.

Before going he got together as many as he could find of the letters written him by Mrs. Jackson during her summer absences and packed them among the things that were to be always at hand during the trip. He meant to get something more than a vacation out of this business. This reflection gave him courage to be selfish in depriving his wife of a pleasure that her less self-sacrificing temperament certainly made it harder for her to give up than it had heretofore been for him.

Her very last injunction was one urging him to write often. He answered with cheery assurance that nothing on earth could keep him from doing that very thing.

When he had been in camp a week, he was very sure that it was time to send a letter home. He had a great many things to say to Mrs. Jackson, too; but, in spite of that, he wrote briefly.

"Getting along finely. Caught a lot of fish to-day. Too tired to write any more. Don't worry about me."

He smiled as he read the letter over before folding it up for the envelope, and he smiled again when he got her reply. She made no complaint, but he had learned to understand her feelings even by the nature of her silences.

Four days later he wrote again: "Feeling better every day. I'm just as busy as I can be, and you will have to forgive me for not feeling like writing. If anything goes wrong, you'll hear from me in full. I hope you and the children are enjoying yourselves with me out of the way."

In reply Mrs. Jackson wrote a long letter—so long that she must have planned it for his humiliation, he thought. It was a perfect treasury of home information and of valuable suggestions touching the things he should or should not do to keep from getting sick. If he could have been sure that pure wife devotion inspired it, he should have been overwhelmed. As it was, he waited another four days and wrote again.

"Had the finest swim of my life to-day. Water just right. River beats all the bath-tubs ever heard of. Enjoying myself immensely and adding two years to my life. Don't worry about me because I don't write often. I simply have to make the most of the time I have."

Mrs. Jackson sent him a goodly body of admonition at once. He must not stay in the water long at one time, because it is very exhausting. He ought not to go in at all because she did not know that he could swim. He must be careful to rub himself dry and to dress warmly afterward. She hoped that he was beginning to think of coming home.

Five days later he wrote again.

"No bad effects from swimming. If I could stay here six weeks longer, I should be a new man. Would you use cream for a burned back? I suppose you don't care to know the little things I do every day, and so I'll just tell you that I'm all right and quit."

In her next she said little more than that it was very hot in the city, and that she had given up trying to do much more than keep cool.

He wrote her a sympathetic letter almost at once. "I am sorry that the hot weather has come to town. We don't feel it out here, but I know enough about it to believe you without asking to have the thermometer there at the house sent down here for me to see. I had almost forgotten to tell you what a wonderfully cool place this is. We have to have a heavy blanket over us every night, and half the time during the day I am comfortable with a coat. There's a spring of the coldest water not ten feet from my tent, and the trees are as thick overhead as they say the stars are in the Milky Way. It's beautiful here, too. Any park you ever saw is a tawdry thing compared with this great wild country. I can't understand how I let myself stay in the city there during all these years. I hope Mildred is standing the hot weather all right. If either of the children should show any sign of being sick, telegraph for me at once."

He read this over with a smile. He hoped that it would make her just uncomfortable enough for her to understand some things that she had never seemed to see before. Undoubtedly it was hot in the city, and this letter could hardly be expected to have any appreciable lowering influence upon the temperature.

She wrote at once, and her letter was both voluble and emphatic. She was utterly unable to understand what he meant by writing to her so seldom and so curtly. Did he think that business methods of correspondence were proper between husband and wife? Was she to stay home here in the heat and be neglected, while he

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"KEEP YOUR HEAD STILL"

Is the first rule in golf, and Binks means to do so.

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The Obituary Specialist

BY HUGH S. MACLAUCHLAN

THE editor of the "Firmament" leaned back in his chair, scanning with a satirical smile the list of obituary notices in stock.

"These doomed men of yours take some killing," he said to the obituary specialist, who stood beside him glancing at the imposing row of names.

"I can't help it if they won't die." "That's true; but you do pick out the tough ones."

The specialist sighed in reply. "Seems to me," the editor went on, "as if your distinguished invalids are having a game with you. They look like dying every minute until you are all through with them, and the moment your biography is ready they turn the corner and get steadily better."

"I'm very sorry." "I don't doubt that; but don't you think you're out of your proper line? You should canvass for a life assurance office. I never met a man with a surer eye for sound lives. Take my advice, throw this business up and tout for policyholders. You'll walk straight up to the top in no time. You're wasting your efforts here."

"It's not exactly wasted effort," the specialist dimly protested. "The

clared his inability to add a word to so admirable a survey of his career, which had been unfortunately prolonged. He wished to express the sense of his deep obligation to the writer of the memoir, who had supplied him with a considerable number of new and valuable facts about his opinions and personal characteristics. He was much relieved to learn, on the word of so weighty an authority, that he "combined the penetrative insight of the scientific pioneer with the simplicity of childhood in his domestic relations." The assurance that "to his humblest dependent he was more a friend than a master" was equally refreshing and unexpected. Might he know the name of the gentleman to whom he was indebted for so gratifying an appreciation?

This was enough vexation for one day; but there was more to follow. The specialist's biographies were not all in stock. One had appeared in print. Word had reached the office a few days before of a fatal accident to an ailing ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty at his country seat. The account was circumstantial, and bore the name of a careful correspondent, so in it went.

For one brief hour the obituary specialist held court in his reference

The specialist looked anxious. "How did you manage it?" "Oh, I arranged to give half a column of biography and a leading article when he died, and I promised to discharge you. That will meet the case, I think. The man is quiet now, but he will need watching."

There was little sleep for the obituary specialist that night. He tossed about in bed, racking his brains for some hint of a scheme to restore his reputation for work and judgment. The painful process did not yield an idea, not the shadow of an idea, and when he crawled down to breakfast in the morning his aspect was one to excite pity in the breast of a Siberian exile.

His toast-and-coffee reflections were disturbed by the arrival of a telegram from the editor: "Come to office at once—urgent business."

"More trouble," sighed the specialist as he buttoned up his overcoat. "Another case of premature extinction."

He found the editor waiting impatiently, full of important resolution. "Thought of any way out?"

The specialist shook his head. "Well, I have"; and thereupon the editor disclosed a scheme that made his assistant first flush with wounded pride, then listen with half-pleased toleration, and finally rub his hands and chuckle in unexpressed satisfaction.

"The most audacious thing I ever heard of!" he declared.

"Not audacious at all. It's so obviously the thing to do that I wonder it did not strike me weeks ago. Think it out," the editor added. "There are two facts to work on. Your distinguished men were ill, thought to be dying, when you wrote your biographies, and the moment the biographies were completed and ready for use at a moment's notice the subjects commenced to pick up again, and are now in rampant health, with the prospect of many years of profitable public service in front of them. That's clear, isn't it?"

The specialist nodded. "Then there is only one thing to do. Keep your biographies up by all means, but not for the 'Firmament.' You must work them as a cure."

"Looks all right; but where does the profit come in?"

"Profit, man! The plan is bursting with prospective profit. Big fees are dancing all round it waiting for acceptance. You set to work at once to prepare a list of all the distinguished invalids whose biographies you have written in advance during the last six months. They're strong and active now to a man. We'll write them to send testimonials and publish the lot. Profit!" he repeated more excitedly, clearing the table with a wild sweep of his arm, "there's more profit in it than in all the pills and nerve tonics that have been swallowed since the days of the first apothecary. The applications will roll in, and there's no competition to lower prices. It's better than a Kimberley gold mine." With this the editor dropped predictions and commenced to labor out with his colleague the details of his project.

No information has yet been disclosed as to the result of the much-discussed obituary cure, but the prospectus, as it appeared in the "Firmament," was admitted on all hands to be a masterpiece, from the glorious burst of rhetoric that formed the inspiring prelude, down to the final enticing intimation, which ran: "Celebrities in declining health are requested to communicate with the editor."

Not Yet, But Soon.

William James Connors, the Buffalo newspaper proprietor and freight contractor, has a beautiful home out on the edge of the city. His house is surrounded by many acres of lawn.

A year or two ago his gardener planted foliage plants on a slope on the lawn in great letters that spelled "William James Connors."

"Dear me," said one of the social leaders of the town, as she was driving by, peering through her lognette, "the poor man must think he is a railroad station."—"Success."

DIFFERENT NOW

Since the Sluggo Coffee Was Abandoned.

Coffee probably causes more biliousness and so-called malaria than any one other thing—even bad climate. A Ft. Worth man says:

"I have always been of a bilious temperament, subject to malaria and up to one year ago a perfect slave to coffee and at times I would be covered with boils and full of malarial poison, was very nervous and had swimming in the head."

"I don't know how it happened, but I finally became convinced that my sickness was due to the use of coffee and a little less than a year ago I stopped coffee and began drinking Postum. From that time I have not had a boil, not had malaria at all, have gained 15 pounds good solid weight and know beyond all doubt this is due to the use of Postum in place of coffee, as I have taken no medicine at all."

"Postum has certainly made healthy red blood for me in place of the blood that coffee drinking impoverished and made unhealthy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum makes red blood. "There's a reason."

"Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"

A Bit of Blarney

If you want to kiss the Blarney Stone you must go over to Blarney Castle from Cork. Of course, it is understood, that first you go to Cork.

The way to get to Blarney Castle is in a jaunting-car. Perhaps this will be your initial ride in a jaunting-car, and you will never forget it. In the first place, the driver tells you that it will cost you four bob. You have no more idea what he means by four bob than if he had said four Roberts, but after you succeed in making him understand that you are a bewildered American trying to get rid of your money, 3,000 miles from home, he will explain, begorra and bejabbers, that it's shillings he's talking about—"four shillin', bedad!"

Then you climb up on his car. It has one horse, two wheels and five seats. He sits on the front seat. You sit over one of the wheels, sideways. There is a bench overhanging each wheel, which accommodates two. If there are three other persons in your party you fill up the jaunting-car—two of you on each side.

When you start you feel as if you were on a camel. If you have never ridden on a camel you don't know how you feel. You have an idea that you are going to fall off; also, that you are going to collide with every vehicle you meet, for you are not yet accustomed to the foreign habit of turning to the left, instead of the right and, naturally, you feel called upon to intimate to your neighbor that the driver, maybe, is full of whisky.

When you finally get through the primary grade of your Irish-jaunting-car education and realize that you haven't been spilled out and that the driver is more than half sober, you begin to take note of the beauties of Cork, through which you are passing. You see the River Lee, walled on either side with masonry, and which for 1,400 years has lapped the banks of this ancient town; you see the church of Ste. Anne Shandon, in whose tower are the famous bells of Shandon; you see the bishop's palace, and the monasteries and the nunneries, and you rattle through the market-place, with its picturesque assortment of traders and peasants, and as you are about to pass out into the country you skirt the grounds of the famous and beautiful Queen's College.

The roads are magnificent—hard and smooth and as level as a floor. The jaunting-car has rubber tires and the horse has nimble feet. Together they form a swift combination, and you are whisked through charming lanes, lined with hedges generations old, eight and ten and even twelve feet high, and shaded by ancestral oaks that spread their giant limbs above the walls of lordly estates, until you turn into the little village of Blarney, with its low-thatched cottages, and you behold above the tops of the forest trees the tower of Blarney Castle.

The guide who takes you through the grounds, now silent and solemn with the spirit of a vanished age, tells you in a reverent whisper that in the days of its glory this castle, built before Columbus was born, was the home of great lords and famous ladies; a mighty fortress, defying the world with its eighteen-foot walls of stone and its impassable moat. In those days this proud building was big enough to house an army. It covered an area of more than eight acres. To-day all that remain of it is the donjon, rearing its battered battlements 120 feet to the sky in defiance of age—a pathetic memorial of the one-time grandeur that surrounded it.

In this tower is the world-famed Blarney Stone, to kiss which thousands of sentimental pilgrims from all parts of the sentimental globe annually risk their precious necks. When this tower finally goes down to join the ruins upon the ground, the gift of blarney must pass from the world.

A narrow stone stairway takes you to the top of the tower with dizzying turns and slopes. The roof has long since fallen in, leaving the structure open to the weather. Vines and bushes and even small trees are growing on the inside walls and ledges, adding mightily to the sense of desolation and decay that pervades the crumbling ruin.

Having no roof on which to walk you must get along as best you can on the footway offered by the top ledge of the wall. An iron railing prevents you from falling into the castle, while the massive battlement, or parapet, saves you from falling off.

The Blarney Stone forms part of the wall immediately below the battlement. It is about three or four feet under an opening at the base of one of the embrasures of the parapet. As the parapet projects beyond the wall it naturally follows that this opening would permit anything or anybody to fall straight through to the ground. In olden times these openings in the battlement, of which there are a number around this tower, were used to drop rocks and molten lead and other substantial greetings upon the heads of unwelcome visitors.

Of course you would not have come to this place if you had not

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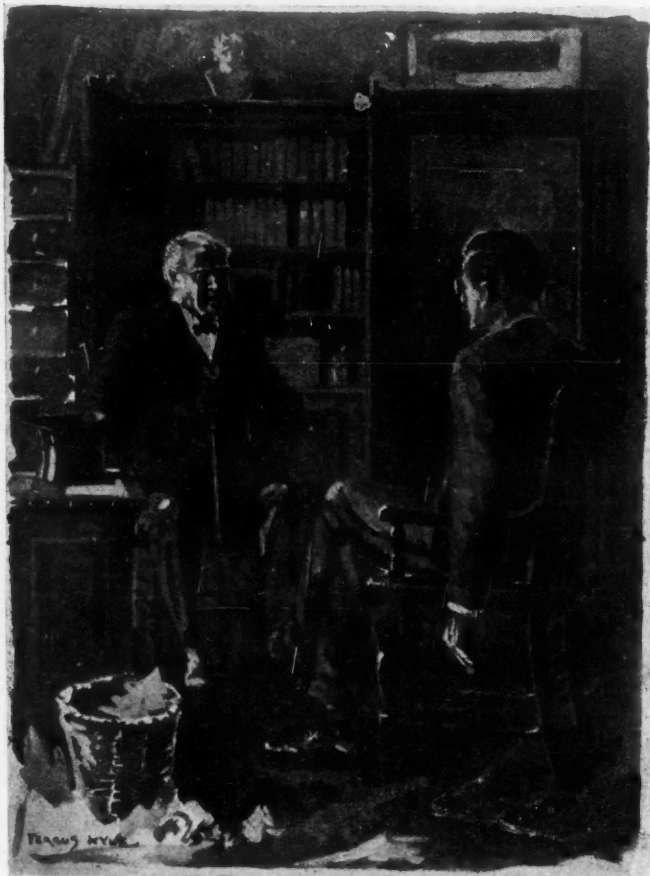
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Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

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"The great man had called in person, and high words were sounding in the editor's private room."

biographies are here when you want them."

"When I want them!"—a burst of laughter died into a mocking chuckle. "When I want them! That will be next century some time, or perhaps the one after. No, my friend. You are industrious, but you have bad judgment. The only celebrities who die are those you don't write up. Once you touch them they are safe to be centenarians. Obituary notices pull them together like a brandy and soda. Hang them for a set of imposters!" And the editor crushed the offending list into an untidy drawer and passed on to something more urgent.

This expression of opinion had been provoked by an extremely annoying circumstance. A famous scholar and man of science, the Earl of Denmark Hill, who had struggled back to life after a dangerous illness, was in communication with the editor. The news had reached him that an exhaustive memoir had been prepared in the office of the "Firmament" for publication in the event of his death, and he desired to convey to the editor a sincere expression of regret for any inconvenience that might have been caused to that gentleman by his unexpected recovery. He should have been only too pleased to die to accommodate the editor, but as the matter had been largely taken out of his hands he was unable to give him any assurance on the subject. And then came one little request. The editor had it in his power to oblige the Earl of Denmark Hill by letting him see the memoir. Would he do so? The circumstance would be treated, as strictly confidential, and if there were any points on which a revision by the subject of the memoir were desired, he would be only too happy to meet the editor's wishes in the matter.

The management of this incident had been left to the obituary specialist, who addressed a proof copy of the memoir to the Earl with a timidly apologetic note, and the reply had just arrived. The only mark in the proof was a turned comma. In an accompanying note the Earl de-

room, receiving the congratulations of his colleagues. His system had been justified at last, they said.

Then a curt message reached him: "Report of my death absolutely false. Contradict at once." This was signed by the ex-Civil Lord himself.

Poor specialist! His world had turned to dust and ashes. The memoir was only a minor one, of no account in his biographical fold, but it was there when the editor wanted it, and even that small consolation had been taken from him now. The ex-Civil Lord should have been killed, if he wasn't. What right had public men to go fiddling on like that—neither one thing nor the other? There was such a want of decision about it. The reading public had a right to their obituaries, and they would have them, too, in spite of all the obstinate ex-administrators in existence.

Of course the editor was in a bad way. He wrote a humbly regretful letter, but it was unregarded, and now the great man had called in person, and high words were sounding in the private room.

Presently the interview was over, and the editor came out, looking tired.

"No," he explained, "it wasn't the false report of his death that annoyed him. He didn't trouble his head about that. The vexing thing was that we thought him worth no more than a quarter of a column!"

"Upon my word," the specialist protested, "I shouldn't have given him more if he had been in office."

"That's all right; but he raved about it. He asked me if I knew that he had been a member of two Ministries, and had just missed Cabinet rank. Then you said that he had 'joined the majority.' He thought you might have put it in some other way, when he was a member of the Opposition—'gathered to his fathers,' or 'paid the debt of nature,' or something like that. I tell you I've had a bad time with him over your wretched memoir. He's not to be put off with an obituary notice of that length, he says. I had no end of trouble in talking him back to good humor."

wanted to kiss the Blarney stone. Accordingly, you sprawl flat on your chest on the edge of the opening, grasp the two iron bars that are fastened to the wall, and then dive down and out into space as far as your arms will let you go. Thus hanging head down from the top of the tower, your face toward the wall, you plant a kiss on the magic stone which you will find just within reach of your lips. In former days, before some thoughtful mechanic put up the iron bars on the inside wall, a wooer of the gift of blarney was obliged to depend upon his companions to hold him tight by the feet while he leaned full length over the parapet. If his shoes came off during the operation, which sometimes happened, it was not likely that he would have any further use for them.

If, after you have kissed the stone and gained its witchery of speech, you find it impossible to draw yourself up again, simply kick and shout as hard as you can until you make your fellow lunatics understand that you prefer coming back to going on down. By pulling on your feet, and incidentally ruining your vest, they can save you if they want to.

However, it's worth the hazard. To have kissed the Blarney Stone stamps one as a hero if nothing else, and you have the satisfaction of realizing that, henceforth, your speech has powers to charm and woo.—Clifford Howard, in "Four-Track News."

His Knowledge of Weeds.

At a suburban residence near Philadelphia there recently appeared an unkempt-looking individual who asked for employment. It chanced that this application was made to the lady of the house herself, who was superintending the transplanting of plants in the garden.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the lady.

"Ain't had much experience at gardening," was the reply.

"Can you plant these bushes?"

"I'd hate to risk spoilin' 'em, mum."

"Then what can you do?"

"Well, mum," responded the unkempt-looking individual, "if you was to hand me one of your husband's cigars I might sit in the greenhouse an' smoke out them insects that's eatin' the leaves of them rose bushes."

"—Harper's Weekly."

Back to Earth.

"A man who sails a flying machine is known as an aeronaut, but what would you call a woman in an air-ship?"

"I'd call her down."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Water as a Nerve Food.

"If nervous women would only drink more water they would not be so nervous," remarked a trained nurse the other day.

"Nearly every physician will recom-

mend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under a doctor's care would feel better and look better if they would drink, say, a quart of water in the course of a day. Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself."—Home Chat.

Chance for Error.

Little Jack (who has just seen his new baby sister for the first time)—Mamma, what is the name of the new baby?

Mother—Oh, baby hasn't got a name, darling!

Little Jack (in a very astonished voice)—Then how ever do you know she belongs here mamma? Perhaps she isn't ours.—Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Politeness Safest Policy.

Puffing and blowing the fat passenger began to climb to the upper berth in the sleeping car.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" said the man in the lower berth.

"It is," answered the fat passenger, "for a man of my weight."

"How much do you weigh, may I ask?"

"Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds."

"Hold on! Take this one!" exclaimed the other, his hair beginning to rise on end. "I'd rather sleep in the upper berth, anyway. The ventilation is better."—Exchange.

Why She Curled Her Hair.

An English clergyman preached a sermon upon woman's waste of time and money upon the vanities of dress. Afterward he had occasion to rebuke his own daughter upon the dressing of her hair. "My daughter," said the good man, "had God intended your locks to be curled, He would have curled them for you."

"When I was an infant," replied the maid, "He did. But now I am grown up He thinks I am able to do it myself."—Exchange.

A Sailor's Address.

"And you say you have been dealing with sea captains while you have been on shore. Name just one?" asked Lawyer John T. Harrington of a sailor witness in the police court.

"I will name Horton Osgood."

"Give me his address?"

"Well, if the wind has been good and sou'-sou'-west, he is now half way between here and Demerara," replied the sailor.—Boston "Record."

Value Received.

Once more the summer girl draws near

Whose father's ample shekels

Abundantly and with good cheer

Are paid for tan and freckles.

—Washington "Star."



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"Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Points About People.

One of the prominent women members of the medical profession in Toronto tells, with keen enjoyment, a story at her own expense. Quite recently she was appointed consulting physician of a public institution. On her first visit, among her patients was a portly old lady, who bowed into the room with a certain ponderous dignity. After surveying the new physician for a moment with unconcealed dissatisfaction, she inquired: "Be you the new doctor?" "Yes," replied the disconcerted physician. "Well," said the old dame—and here followed a lengthy and dubious pause—"we'll try to hope that it's all for the best!"

Prominent among Canadians in England is Mr. A. C. Forster Boulton, M.P., whose appointment as prosecuting counsel for the Post-Office at the Central Criminal Court is looked upon by the English papers as one of special interest. Mr. Boulton's great-grandfather was a judge of the King's Bench, Upper Canada; his grandfather was also a Canadian barrister; an uncle was Chief Justice of Newfoundland, and another of Ontario; while his father was one of the Canadian counsel for the Crown in the first prosecution of Louis Riel, in 1869. He himself, was born and bred in Canada, and is, naturally, an authority on colonial government. He has written several law books,



MR. FORSTER BOULTON, M.P.

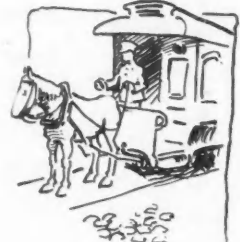
the best known being *The Law and Practice of a Case Stated*; he has travelled a great deal, and has explored districts of and killed big game in the Rockies. His victory in North Hunts, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was rather a record, as no Liberal has sat for that constituency before, and for 120 years only a member of the Fellowes family was returned. The Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, whom he defeated, was Minister of Agriculture in the last Government. Mr. Boulton's majority was 381.

The gentle art of captivating and welding together an audience was probably never better illustrated than in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's address to a great Scottish gathering in Montreal, some years ago. Hither had come not only an imposing throng of Gaels, but also a numerous contingent of French-Canadians, attracted by the presence of their great countryman. It can easily be imagined that the two sections of the audience did not have much in common, and under a neutral exterior regarded each other with a certain cold suspicion. The Scotsmen were not long in warming up, however; for who could resist a man that quoted Burns—stanza after stanza—and seemed to know more about the national poet than did they themselves. More and more enthusiastic grew the Scottish auditors, but the Frenchmen sat unmoved. Gracefully and eloquently Sir Wilfrid talked on, now in prose, now in verse, but gradually his theme changed from the general glories of Scotland to the romance of her past. He spoke of Mary Queen of Scots, that beautiful and inscrutable woman who has never lost her hold on the heart of the world. As he told of her early life in France and her undying love for that country the Frenchmen began to show a glow of sympathy, which deepened into enthusiasm as the Premier described those

dark days of 1715 and 1745, when the flower of Scottish chivalry, exiled from home, gave France as loyal a regiment as ever fought her battles. By the time Sir Wilfrid had reached this stage in his address, Gael and Gaul were rapturously falling on each other's necks; the climax being reached, when, in conclusion, he proved the closeness of former relations between France and Scotland by quoting a long list of Scottish words derived directly from the French, such as ashette (a platter) from *assiette*, and tache (to stain or spoil) from *tacher*. It is reported that he afterwards attributed his familiarity with Scottish literature to study aided by a dictionary; but there are those who assert that had his audience been composed of German savants and North-West Indians, Sir Wilfrid would have succeeded quite as readily in establishing an *entente cordiale* between them.

An Ontario Public school inspector, while paying an official visit to a certain school some time ago, chanced to overhear two of the young lady teachers make some remarks about him as they chatted together at recess. One of them, a rather peppery "old maid," said: "The inspector is an old nuisance; he has a lot to learn yet, too." When the inspector came to this lady's department, he noticed that in the written essays of the pupils punctuation seemed to have been overlooked. "We don't bother much about commas and such trifles," explained the teacher. Assembling a class, the inspector pointed out the importance of punctuation, and, by way of example, asked a member of the class to write on the black-board the sentence: "The teacher thinks the inspector is an old nuisance who has a lot to learn yet." "Now," said the inspector, after the sentence had been read, "just insert a comma after the word teacher and another after the word inspector."

Once in the days of Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty the Court of Appeal was delayed by the tardy arrival of one of the learned counsel.



As he entered, Judge Hagarty remarked that he feared that attendance at another court then sitting had been the cause of his late coming. "I regret very much that I could not appear exactly on time," said the lawyer, "but this is, as your Lordships know, the tribunal of last resort in the Province." The same ready-witted gentleman had concluded his argument for the City of Toronto in the action known as that of the "Bob-tail cars," when another Chief said to him, "I assume you rest your case on the statutes." "Entirely so," said the city's representative. "Have you not omitted one important enactment?" queried the Chief. "Not to my knowledge," returned the counsel. "I refer," said the Chief, with a smile, "to the Act respecting Short Forms of Conveyances."

For some years before Mr. McGregor Young became Professor of Constitutional and International Law at Varsity, he was known as the wittiest lecturer at Osgoode Hall. In the social world his gifts as a master of repartee won for him a certain comprehensive respect, and those who had once been the object of his polished but caustic wit did not yearn for a repetition of the experience. A good example of his method of administering punishment of this sort occurred at a large ball given in Toronto some years ago. Among the names on the young barrister's programme was that of a reigning belle. On going to claim this partner, however, he was ingeniously informed by the lady that he must be mistaken in the number, as Lord Blank's name was down for the dance in question. His Lordship, he it observed, was a sprig of the English nobility, temporarily transplanted to Canada, and assiduously cultivated by mamma with marriageable daughters. It hardly required Mr. Young's legal acumen to divine the facts of the case, even before the young lady had handed him her programme in proof of the noble lord's title. Merely glancing at the card, on which the rival name had obliterated his own, and returning it with debonair bow and smile, "Ah!" murmured he, with delicate emphasis, "The Lord giveth and the lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the lord."

A certain Canadian railway official was travelling the other day and the conductor, recognizing him, merely passed by, touching his cap. When the latter returned, however, from his ticket-collecting, the official stopped him. "Don't you know," he said, "that you should look at my pass? No matter if you do know who I am," he went on in answer to the collector's excuse, "I am only entitled to ride free when I am travelling on my pass." The conductor, a little nettled, then demanded to see the pass. "That's right," exclaimed the official. "Here—why, where?—Well, sir, I must have left it at the office." "Then you'll have to pay your fare," said the conductor, firmly. And he did.

Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction—especially when stories of mean men are in question. Here is one vouched for by a whole countryside. An old farmer, who lives not a thousand miles from Toronto, has accumulated in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars by being for sixty years both Shylock and miser. This summer one of his sons, who had been practically driven from home when a youth by his father's unbearable penuriousness, went home on a visit. There was no one to meet him on his arrival at the railway station, which is four miles from the farm. He rode home with an old neighbor, however, leaving his trunk at the station. Next morning he mentioned the trunk to his father, and casually remarked that he thought he would hitch up one of the horses and go out for it. "Well," drawled the old man, "of course you're out doing for yourself now, Tom. You can have the horse and rig, but I'll have to charge you a dollar and a half for it."

It was ever Lord Strathcona's way in handling large affairs to talk little and work unceasingly. Just now, when Canadian transcontinental railways are so much under discussion, it is interesting to hark back to the days when the task of building the Canadian Pacific Railway was undertaken. Many are the stories told to-day in Montreal of the meetings of the C.P.R. directors at that critical time in the early eighties. Then the Board,



MISS MARIE HALL.



KUBELIK

THE VIOLIN FACE: THE EXTRAORDINARY LIKENESS OF TWO GREAT VIOLINISTS.

These photographs of two artists well known in Toronto are almost a conclusive proof that physiognomy is an exact science. If the faces are covered except the eyes and the forehead the likeness is even more wonderful.

which can now finance anything without winking, often met with very blank faces to discuss the tightness of the money market. It is related that at one of these sessions Lord Strathcona—then Mr. Donald Smith—entered, and to dispel the atmosphere of depression, at once moved an adjournment. "It is clear we want money," said he. "We can't raise it among ourselves. Let us come back tomorrow and report progress." According to the story, when the Board met again the next day they looked the picture of distress. Each had the same story to tell of lack of resources, until Mr. Smith's turn came. "I have raised another million," he said in his steady, deliberate Scotch manner. "That will carry us for a bit, and when that is gone we will raise some more." And so the work was carried on.

A Toronto mother who, like scores of others, is convinced that her children are the cleverest in Canada, believes in beginning to train the young idea at a very early age. Accordingly, the other morning she showed her four-year-old daughter a portrait of Robert Burns, told her that he was a famous Scottish poet and related the story of his life. Now, it happens that the eldest son of the family is a dog enthusiast and has of late been particularly interested in Scottish terriers. In fact, he talks of very little else. The morning after her lesson on Burns, the small sister was asked if she could tell who Robert Burns was. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I know." "Well, who was he?" said her mother. "He was a Scottish terrier," replied the infant prodigy, triumphantly.

The story is told that many years ago, when Dr. John Strachan was Bishop of Toronto, two churchwardens called upon him one day to complain that their minister wearied the congregation by too often preaching the same sermon. "This is a singular complaint that ye mak about the meenister," said Bishop Strachan in his strong Scotch accent. "Hoo many times did ye meenister repeat that sarmon?" "Well, my lord," returned the warden, "I think he has preached the same sermon at least twelve times." Said the bishop: "Twelve times! Can ye tell ma tha taxt? Ye dinna ken tha taxt! Gang awa back an' tell th' meenister to preach the sarmon one time more, an' then coom an' tell ma tha taxt."

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian writer who has for some years been very successful in marketing his literary wares in New York, and whose latest work, *The Wire Tappers*, is having a satisfactory sale, is spending the summer as usual at his Lake Erie fruit farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario. Like most amateur farmers, Mr. Stringer does not find his fruit-raising a source of any great revenue. He explained this not long ago by pointing out the difference between the so-called gentleman farmer and the every-day farmer. "For it's very simple," said the author over a dish of his Eundian black grapes. "The first sells what he can't eat, and the other eats what he can't sell."

The Czar and His Guards.

In Russia the whole machinery of government is primarily devoted to safeguarding the Imperial family. It is the duty of every official, military and civil, to think first of his Royal master and then of his other duties. The safety of the Emperor is a sufficient excuse for setting aside, when necessary, any law or regulation. The army and police are in their entirety his bodyguards. Regiments of soldiers are stationed near each palace, and selected troops are detailed for duty in courtyards and buildings.

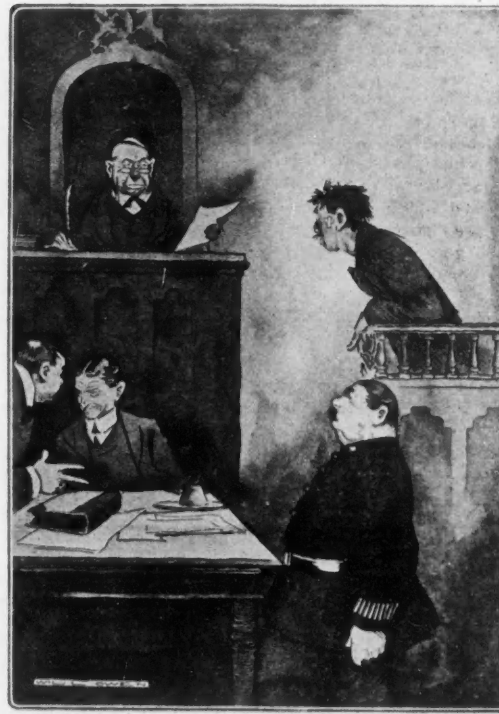
In addition to the regular uniformed police, who patrol the streets with particular care when the Czar is passing, there is a large body of secret police, whose duty it is to discover and frustrate any possible plot against him. They have agents in Berlin, London, Paris, Buenos Ayres, New York, Chicago, and Paterson, New Jersey. Spies are in every city in Russia and in every department of life. When the Czar travels other people wait. Between St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo a special line, with a private station at each end, has been built for the exclusive use of the Imperial family. Every yard of it is guarded constantly, and particularly when a train is to pass.

The Czar Nicholas appears to be personally courageous, and goes out a good deal. At Tsarskoe Selo and Peterhof, his two favorite residences, he is understood to occupy small villas in the grounds in preference to the large palaces. He is under closer surveillance when in his apartments than at any other time. The military guards inside the palace are never seen by the public. They are intended as a precaution against possible conspiracies in high quarters rather than against individual intruders.

Tom Masson, a Laugh-Maker.

TOO little is known regarding many of the men who write for our amusement "in the papers." For example, it may be said that scarcely any reader of *Saturday Night* has not chuckled over the funny sketches written by Tom Masson in various publications, yet few of them, in all probability, know anything about this interesting weaver of bright yarns. This paragraph is for the benefit of those who have at one time or another asked, "Who is Tom Masson?" without eliciting a satisfactory answer. He is the editor of *New York Life*, and

has long been regarded as one of the best American writers of newspaper stories and verse of the sort that discriminating readers enjoy. He is in the same class with Barry Pain, the English humorist. When the hard-pressed editor has a half a column or so to fill in a hurry, and has to resort to the shears and paste pot, he feels safe in clipping anything signed by either of these writers without perusing it with the customary amount of care, because he knows it is pretty sure to be worth while. Both as a humorist and as managing editor of *Life*, Mr. Masson has won the right to make us laugh. Born in 1866, he went to sea at the ripe age of nine months, his father being a sea captain. His schooling ended at the New Haven High School, for commercial life claimed his attention, and he advanced from office boy to book-keeping during the next three years. Every man has his literary sponsor. Charles Battell Loomis turned to H. C. Bunner; Mr. Masson to Dr. Lyman Abbott. Entering newspaper life, he became telegraph editor and afterward managing editor of the American Press Association, and began writing verses for the *New York Sun*, where he found a warm friend in Charles A. Dana. In 1893 Mr. Masson became one of the editors of *Life*, with which paper he has been associated since its beginning. The seriousness of a humorist is seen in Mr. Masson's tastes. He says: "I am domestic in my habits; I am a great reader; a Kantian in philosophy, with reservations; more or less of a pantheist in religion. I am a lover of animals, lead an open-air life, but don't believe in exercise; run a small automobile for utilitarian purposes, and play bridge for recreation." Most of Mr. Masson's work has been of a fragmentary character; he has edited an *Anthology of Humor* and published two volumes of verse.



UNBRIDLED LICENSE.

Magistrate—Now tell me, how much did you have to drink on the day in question?
Prisoner—Ow can I tell? I was on my 'olidays.—
Tatler.

In detailing two United States army officers to accompany the Barnum and Bailey Circus in its tour through Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio, to observe the methods employed by the show people in feeding and transporting men, animals, and supplies, Secretary Taft is following the examples set by three European governments. When the American circus was in Germany, Emperor William was struck with the system and expedition of the circus people in handling their great outfit and moving it from place to place. After the Kaiser had personally witnessed the circus strike camp and entrain its animals and a large force of employees, he caused to be detailed from the general staff of his army three officers to travel with the circus so long as it remained in Germany to observe and make a report on its methods. Officers of the French and English armies were detailed on the same errand and for the same purpose. The circus carries 1,100 men and a huge quantity of impedimenta.

Upleatham, a small secluded village in North Yorkshire, lays claim to having the smallest church in the world. This curious antiquated structure was erected in 840 A.D., and is mentioned in *Doomsday Book*. Its size is 17 feet by 13½ feet, and it contains ten small benches, which seat four people each. In the interior is a handsome effigy dating from 1320, and in a good state of preservation. In the little graveyard are the remains of a stone coffin with the lid. Some of the gravestones date from 1520, 1569, 1602, etc. The sacred little edifice, which is now almost covered with ivy, has only been used since 1884 as a mortuary chapel. The registers date from 1542.

WITH Roy and de Charles made the London audience last

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Incidentally it was Harriss, the Ottawa "British-Canadian" was the chief event of

QUEEN'S Hall, in compared to M seating accommodation ing probably not 4,000 more gorgeous, its w paintings setting fo therein into music, a wealth of patriotic the Empire were dis Canada, both Domin There being no box the left side of the the first gallery, al below the normal su had been set apart a various sorts, while the Royal seat. It directly opposite the capacity. These shr money's worth and Altogether nearly th The audience was th "brilliant," which te jewels and adornme attainments. But it many prominent peo

LOUD shouts out arrived. It was arranged that His before the performa pectancy thrilled the loyalty to greet its stood on the condu every member of th instrument. As His Strathcona, the sign of the National Ant just as truly as if not 3,000 miles away

BOWING and sm edgments. He the Duchess of Arg considerable time the Marquis of maintained the k Both are good rarely goes to greater compliment King is a regular the remainder of th interest and enjoym archial dignity o performed-at-any-co sionally with his sis in the audience, ap gracious, charming, and qualities which man in England.

AS many Canadian Dr. Harriss fo Ottawa, in honor o the night previous It is very proper cantata form. The body is based on th deity, and portrays Syrinx was not on was consistent in h Pan she slips back Thus is given scop There is Pan first There is Syrinx pl There is the choru joys of simple, unt Faun singing cons reeds from the lin vehicle of his grief has its special part

DR. HARRISS ducted vigorous his command was a chorus of 250 v more fortunate. M who is appearing appeared as Syrinx clear, sweet and s is not unlike Alb Mr. John Harrison each gave a fine i It would be too m tion is perfect. masters, are. It is arranged better th true that some po Wagner. But it mensely pleased th critics. With sca as a highly credi Harriss was acco tion from his brow King, then to the It was a proud p

BUT aside from Sir Alexander festival series in

CANADIAN MUSIC IN ENGLAND

A NOTABLE EVENT GIVEN IMPERIAL SIGNIFICANCE
BY THE PRESENCE OF THE KING

W ITH Royalty looking on and with aristocracy and democracy alike applauding, Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss and Canadian music made their simultaneous debut before a London audience last night.

It was a notable occasion in more ways than one. It was historic in that it was the first concert of the kind held in London. It marked a new epoch in Canadian music, in that a Canadian composition for the first time demanded and was accorded encouraging recognition by the music world of this Imperial city. It marked a new phase of Imperialism, in that King Edward himself, by his presence, graciously paid a distinct compliment to the Canadian people and to Canadian art.

Incidentally it was also a personal triumph for Dr. Harriss, the Ottawa musician, who organized this "British-Canadian Festival," and whose choric idyll *Pan* was the chief event of the night.

QUEEN'S Hall, in which the event was held, may be compared to Massey Hall in many respects. Its seating accommodation is not quite so large, accommodating probably not 4,000 people. Its decorations are much more gorgeous, its walls and ceilings being covered with paintings setting forth ideas frequently interpreted therein into music. To these was added for the occasion, a wealth of patriotic emblems. Flags of every part of the Empire were displayed, but not the emblems of Canada, both Dominion and Provincial, predominated. There being no boxes, the Royal seats were reserved at the left side of the grand circle, which is equivalent to the first gallery, although the "ground floor" is away below the normal surface of the earth. A generous space had been set apart and adorned with palms and plants of various sorts, while a small table was placed in front of the Royal seat. It was noticeable that the grand circle directly opposite the King was occupied to its fullest capacity. These shrewd people had planned to get their money's worth and brought their opera glasses with them. Altogether nearly three thousand people were present. The audience was the kind the society editors describe as "brilliant," which term is applied of course to gowns and jewels and adornments, and not, necessarily, to mental attainments. But it was an inspiring audience including many prominent people.

LOUD shouts outside proclaimed that the King had arrived. It was already after nine, for it had been arranged that His Majesty should not enter until just before the performance of *Pan*. A slight tremor of expectancy thrilled the audience as it rose in patriotic loyalty to greet its Sovereign. Sir Alexander Mackenzie stood on the conductor's pedestal, baton outstretched; every member of the orchestra stood with his bow to his instrument. As His Majesty appeared escorted by Lord Strathcona, the signal was given and the stirring strains of the National Anthem sounded the welcome of Canada just as truly as if the land and most of its people were not 3,000 miles away.

BOWING and smiling, the King returned his acknowledgments. He was accompanied by his sister, the Duchess of Argyll, who, as the Princess Louise, spent considerable time in Canada during the regime of the Marquis of Lorne, and who has ever since maintained the keenest interest in the country. Both are good judges of music. Although he rarely goes to concerts, and thus paid the greater compliment to Canada by varying his custom, the King is a regular patron of grand opera. Throughout the remainder of the programme he displayed the keenest interest and enjoyment. He did not adopt a grave monarchial dignity or a this-is-a-solemn-duty-and-must-be-performed-at-any-cost kind of an air. Chattering occasionally with his sister, smiling upon those he recognized in the audience, applauding good points, he was natural, gracious, charming—qualities which are peculiarly his, and qualities which make him truly the most popular man in England.

AS many Canadians are aware, *Pan* was composed by Dr. Harriss for the farewell State concert given at Ottawa, in honor of the Earl and Countess of Minto, on the night previous to their departure in October, 1904. It is very properly described as a "choric idyll" in cantata form. The libretto by Josephine Preston Peabody is based on the old-time legend of *Pan*, the Arcadian deity, and portrays his love for the water-nymph *Syrinx*. *Syrinx* was not only coy, but, unlike modern maidens, was consistent in her coyness. To evade the attentions of *Pan* she slips back into the water from whence she came. Thus is given scope for the portrayal of various emotions. There is *Pan* first voicing the longings of his heart. There is *Syrinx* pleading with the waters to open wide. There is the chorus tempting her to stay and learn "the joys of simple, unrestrained love." There is *Echo* and *Faun* singing consolations to *Pan*, who, gathering the reeds from the limpid stream, makes them the musical vehicle of his grief. In addition to all this the orchestra has its special parts.

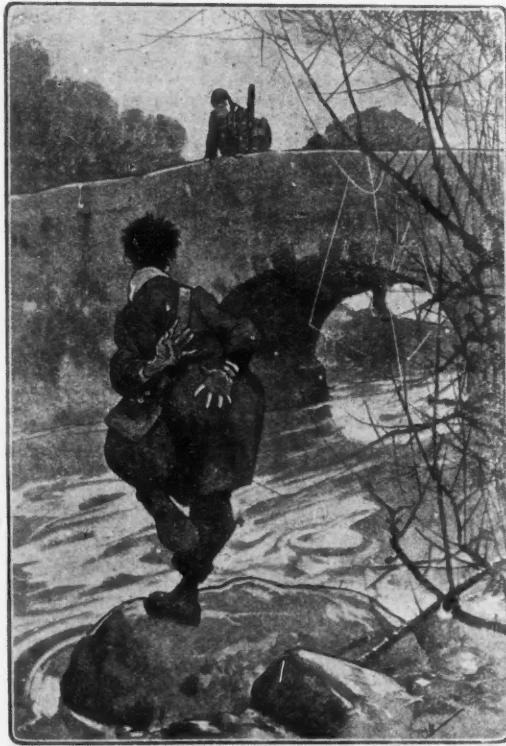
DR. HARRISS is a vigorous conductor, and he conducted vigorously. He had excellent support. At his command was the London Symphony Orchestra and a chorus of 250 voices. In the solo parts he was even more fortunate. Mlle. Donalda, formerly of Montreal, who is appearing with distinction in grand opera, appeared as *Syrinx*. She possesses a soprano voice—clear, sweet and smooth; and in style and appearance she is not unlike Alani. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies as *Pan*, Mr. John Harrison as *Faun*, and Miss Ida Kahn as *Echo*, each gave a fine interpretation of their respective parts. It would be too much to say that Dr. Harriss' composition is perfect. Few compositions, even of the old masters, are. It is perhaps true that the orchestration is arranged better than the vocal parts. It is perhaps also true that some portions are reminiscent of Purcell and Wagner. But it is likewise true that it not only immensely pleased the audience but has stood the test of the critics. With scarcely an exception it has been praised as a highly creditable production. At the conclusion Dr. Harriss was accorded an ovation. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he returned, bowed profoundly to the King, then to the audience and chorus less profoundly. It was a proud moment in his life.

BUT aside from *Pan* it was a remarkable programme. Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, who conducted the festival series in Canada in 1903, opened it with his

Britannia and closed it with his *Canadian Rhapsody*, constructed on some of the folk songs picked up during his Canadian tour. He also conducted Sir Edward Elgar's *Cockaigne*, the composer being prevented from being present by a severe accident. Three other distinguished British composers conducted selections from their own work. Sir Charles Stanford presented delightful Irish melodies in his *Irish Rhapsody*. Sir Hubert H. Parry gave his fine choral work, *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Dr. F. H. Cowen's overture, *The Butterfly Ball*, was an equally pleasing arrangement of light and delicate music. It was truly a "British-Canadian Festival."

BUT it was more than a mere evening's enjoyment. It is not too much to claim for it permanent national significance and influence. By it Canadian music received Royal encouragement; by it this branch of Canadian art was brought to the personal attention of three thousand people, and to the indirect attention of thousands of others through the medium of the leading papers. Thus to many on this side of the water an entirely new phase of Canadian life is opened up. One by one the illusions about Canada's climate and resources and accomplishments have been dispelled by the light of greater knowledge. But the impression still prevails that Canada is quite lacking in the art and culture of which the Old World boasts. Greater knowledge must also lay it low. If it were possible, a visit from the Mendelssohn Choir would have a fine educational effect. In the meantime Canadians should see to it that their artistic development keeps pace with their material expansion, and it is not too much to hope that in a short time one more fiction will have joined its departed sister, the "Lady of the Snows," in the realms of oblivion.

R. A. W.



Voice from the Bridge—Had any luck?

The Contortionist in the Foreground—Not bad. Broken me rod and lost me cap, but still got me return ticket.—Sketch.

An American's View of Oxford

M R. JEROME A. HART, the noted San Francisco journalist, recently returned from a trip to England, and in an article on "Oxford: Town and Gown," says:

Oxford as a primitive seat of learning dates from the time of Alfred the Great. Some writers date it even earlier. But the original town was completely wiped out at the time of the Danish conquest. Modern Oxford goes back only to the time of William the Conqueror. The monasteries founded there about that time were practically the beginning of the present colleges. Oxford is monastic. Even the town plan is cruciform—four wide streets lead out toward the points of the compass from the central place called "Carfax," a corruption of "Quatre voies," "Four ways." High street, with its buildings, is regarded as "one of the most magnificent streets in Europe." At least it is so regarded in Oxford.

Oxford and Cambridge differ diametrically from Harvard and Yale. The American universities are homogeneous. The English universities are heterogeneous. The American universities are made up of a president and faculty ruling several thousands of students on well-defined lines. The English universities are made up of some score of colleges, each college with a different foundation and differing radically in customs and rules.

A German student visiting Oxford a couple of centuries ago found the Halls divided into three tables: The first, called the "Fellows' table," at which were seated earls, barons, gentlemen, and doctors; the second, for masters of arts, bachelors, minor gentlemen, and eminent commoners; the third, for people of ordinary condition. Were the German student to revisit the glimpses of the moon after his trip of two hundred years ago, he would find matters much the same at Oxford now. The dinner in Hall usually begins at six and in some cases at seven. It is inaugurated by grace, gabbled rapidly in Latin, very much as the old monks must have gabbled it, probably. Grace is usually said from the high table.

The day I was at one of the Halls the bill of fare read exactly as follows:

Fish, entree, joint, sweet.

This is the ordinary bill of fare; it is varied by changing from fish to soup and soup to fish. The average charge for the repast is two shillings; in some colleges less.

It goes without saying that this Spartan menu is in-

tended for the table at which sit persons of low degree. The fellows, the earls, barons, and the gentlemen had the following Lucullan repast served to them on the same day:

Bisque soup, roast mutton, roast veal and bacon, pineapple cream ice and wafers, fruit jelly, cheese and butter. Extras—Poulet a la chasseur, one shilling; asparagus, sevenpence; new potatoes, threepence; cream, twopence; cold savoury, fourpence.

Here, again, is one struck with the resemblance between the old monastic usages and those of Oxford today. Doubtless the fat, red-nosed abbot; his sacristan, with fair round paunch; his almoner, with bulbous belly with good capon lined; and the other spiritual gentry of high rank, sat at the upper table and lived on these costly viands, while far below the salt, at the last table of all, sat the humble lay brothers, the scullions, the male chambermaids of the monastery, those who washed the pots and pans which held the sauces and gravies that made glad the abbot's heart.

Mr. Hart describes the convocation, at which honorary degrees were conferred in "three batches." The first batch received the degree of doctor of civil law. They were as follows:

David Binning Monro, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Tennyson, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Herbert Henry Asquith, George Wyndham, Sir Richard Henn Collins, Sir Frederick William Richards, Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, Pasquale Villari, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Booth.

The second received the degree of doctor of science. They were as follows:

Charles Algernon Parsons, Guglielmo Marconi, Sir William Selby Church, Sir Andrew Noble, Sir William Crookes, Sir David Gill, Sir John Murray, Alfred Marshall, Joseph John Thomson, Horace Lamb, Andrew Russell Forsyth, James Dewar and Joseph Larmor.

The third received the degree of doctor of letters. They were as follows:

Mr. Bywater, Lord Reay, Sir Spencer Walpole, William Dean Howells, Lewis Campbell, William Lambert Newman, and Andrew Lang.

Mr. Hart concludes with a few remarks as to the undergraduates:

I had always heard of the propensity of Oxford undergraduates at convocation to chaff the candidates from the gallery, which procedure is tolerated by the university authorities. Undergraduate humor generally is not noted for its subtlety. British undergraduate humor is probably less subtle than the American. For example, when Sir John Millais received a degree at Oxford, the undergraduates solemnly lowered a pot of Brunswick black from the gallery. Even to the meanest intelligence it was apparent that this was a merry undergraduate jest on the fact that he was the painter of the *Black Brunswick*. It is to laugh.

But on this occasion the undergraduate gallery was strangely silent. Perhaps they were overcome by the brilliant array before them. No merry jest was cracked, no pot of paint was lowered. The only joke I heard was when Lord Reay was introduced, whereupon the gallery shouted "Hoo-ray." After a decent interval for reflection, the audience broke out into mournful laughter.

An instance of British conservatism amused me not a little. A bar separated the chancellor and his dais from the profane vulgar, in whom I include the candidates. When each candidate was introduced an official lifted the bar, whereupon each candidate instinctively stepped forward to the dais. In every case the official gravely caught him and held him back.

There were thirty-four candidates, and every one of the thirty-four saw the bar lifted, stepped forward, was stopped, balked, blushed, and then proceeded when the chancellor stopped speaking.

It would seem that Canadians and Americans, as a whole, have come into a friendly understanding and closer sympathy since the talk has well-nigh ceased of "the United States annexing Canada." The annexation idea, as proclaimed in former times, may be said to have received its *coup de grace* at last spring's "Pilgrim" dinner in New York at the hands of Earl Grey, the present high-minded and extremely popular Governor-General of Canada, and our own Secretary of State, Mr. Root. That probable former annexationist and present very energetic and effective apostle of peace, and race-imperialist, Andrew Carnegie, on his recent tour in Canada, while renouncing all thought of the annexation of the Dominion by the United States, declared that such renunciation did not imply that Canada should not, one of these days, "annex the United States.".....The unarmad peace of our border is, indeed, a symbol and promise of the complete peace which arbitration and a closer union are to bring to the English-speaking peoples; and a symbol and promise of the peace to come between all the civilized nations of the earth.—July Century.

Mrs. E. H. Conger, wife of the United States ex-Minister to China, has just completed a residence upon the Pacific Coast. Shortly before the Congers left Peking Mrs. Conger's attention fell upon a beautiful rug which she longed to bring back to her American home. The price of \$90 which the celestial merchant placed upon it was declared by Minister Conger to be outrageous. Mrs. Conger was insistent, and the rug was brought away from the Orient. Shortly after reaching America Mrs. Conger was visiting in Chicago, where she exhibited the rug. Experts made an examination, and she almost fainted away when a Chicago citizen offered her \$7,000 for the rug. Mrs. Conger accepted the offer, and the new house in California is built out of the money.



MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.

This is *Punch's* view of Mr. Chevalier's good-bye to his old vaudeville characters on his return to the "legitimate" stage.

An Hilarious Bridegroom

THE maid had gone to attend her second cousin's funeral (a way some of them have), leaving me to run things in the house as best I could.

It was a steaming hot day, so warm that the pitch fairly oozed from the slat-walk in front of the door. So agreeing that it was going to be a day off, I took a book and sat under the shade trees of the lawn.

My attention was caught by a couple who were sauntering up the street. He was tall—a six-foot-three-er—and looking as if he had grown out of all his clothing. At least one would imagine so, judging by the elbow-sleeve trousers he wore. He had his arm around his companion, who was as odd-looking as himself; in fact, a decided contrast, being a short, fat, rosy-cheeked country girl.

As they came closer he called out, "Is this the marry-in' place?" When I assured him it was, he said, "I was told to come here by a man of an opposite persuasion, the feller what keeps the saloon down street, and he said the job would be done up quick and neat by the man up here." Having told him that the man who did the marry-ing was out at present, I at the same time ascertained that he had no license, so he asked me to keep the girl, while he went to procure one.

In the meantime the parson came back, but not the groom. One, two, three hours passed, and still he came not. The girl started to cry and blubber, saying: "I'm afraid he won't never come. You see, I had only seen him once before, and then we met on the excursion train to-day, and he says, 'Let's hitch,' and I said, 'It's a go.'" And then she broke down and bawled as if her heart would break.

Presently it dawned upon me that the waiting bride ought to have some luncheon. About the same time a telephone message came that some out-of-town friends were in the city for the day and would "run up sans ceremony and take pot luck." Then came a cataclysm of troubles for me. The new coal range would not draw, the gas stove was out of order, the cat ate up the canary, and last of all, didn't my worst-half's pedigreed pup (he's always fussing with dogs) skip out of the back gate, which I forgot to shut. The other troubles were but incidents, while this was an epoch of catastrophe, as he was never seen again.

Under it all what was I to do but get into a tantrum? So I sat down and swallowed the saltiest tears, and at the same time denounced people who would get married, who would go to funerals, and who bothered with pedigreed pups!

The next moment I was buoyed up by the thought of the fee which would be mine if the groom came back, and I was swithering about in the kitchen when in he walked. He was in great spirits (in more than one way) and giving the parson a dig in the ribs he said, "Well, sport, how air you?" The parson frowned. "Do you know no better," he inquired, "than to come in this state to be married?"

"Shure," was the reply, "phwat day should a man get dhrunk, if not on his weddin' day?"

After some more expostulations, he continued: "Begorra I did but threest every man I knew b'tween here an' the court-house, so don't be feart, boss, I'll git through the job all right."

As for the girl, she didn't mind at all, but declared giggling and blushing that she loved him, no matter what he did.

So the ceremony commenced, only to be interrupted in this style by the groom. With the sentence, "We are gathered together here," came the remark, "Yes, jist you an' me, Marier Jane." At the words, "To have and to hold," "You jist bet," he answered. Then suddenly, "Mister, air ye an Orangeman? Bedad, but with a shillalloy in your hand, on the Twelfth, I'll bet you could clean out—"

But the parson checked him, saying, "Unless you can behave yourself I will not finish the service." Then the bride began to weep, and the man said, "Don't worry, I'll be quiet," and behaved himself until the girl's turn came to respond, when he interjected again, "Marier Jane, this is the foine day for you to be getting the loikes o' me!" She meekly replied, "Yes, Jim," and went on with the plight of her "fate" as she called it.

While the parson was upstairs filling in the certificate, the groom gave us some steps from an Irish jig, nearly bringing down the gasolier with his high stepping.

The bride beamingly remarked, "Don't he do it beautiful?"

As he rose to go he said, "Now see here, we made this 'ere up on the road, so I didn't come with any great roughness of money, but there's a dollar, an' if this 'ere splicin' turns out well, I'll send you another," with which he threw down on the table a silver cart-wheel. Poor me! A lone dollar thrown me when twenty dollars wouldn't have made up for my morning's trouble! What wonder if I sat down to ruminate on the shady side of a parsonage life. But because as yet another dollar has not come to hand, I have ever since consoled myself that he got as good as he gave, and that "this 'ere splicin'" did not turn out well.

GEORGINA SEEING.

Toronto, July, 1906.

Facto—In the ages past, how did people ever manage to live without telephones and the telegraph?

Philos—They didn't; they all died.—Life.



"TO minds of a certain order," James said, thoughtfully, "departure from this (usually) sunny world seems a solution of any difficulty or trouble."

"Suicide," I answered—James gives me time to answer sometimes, while he is getting his ideas into shape—"suicide never struck me as an engaging game."

"Nor me, my boy. But I don't mean those objectionable serious persons who really take their own lives; I mean the sort of person who says—aloud when he's a child, and to himself only when he's grown—I wish I were dead! when anything goes wrong, when he's in any sort of tight place that he ought to get out of by the use of his faculties."

"I think," I said slowly, "I think he usually says: 'I wish I was dead.'" James glowered at me.

"That depends on his education, and the degree of respect he feels for grammar, neither of which circumstances affects greatly his temperament," he said. "If you mean, how-



"I hope father has his study door shut."

ever, that such a person is usually imperfectly educated, you are probably right. But such imperfection is more likely to be in the moral than in the mental education. He might be a skilled grammarian, and yet incapable of courage or patience. If you used your faculties, you would see that grammar has very little to do with the subject in hand."

"What is the subject in hand?" I asked, for information.

"The subject in hand is the sort of blank jackass who wants to be let out when circumstances seem too much for his powers—in other words, me."

"Oh—about how many circumstances are there?"

"They're not so numerous—but that isn't the point. If there were several million a fellow should buck up against them, instead of wishing he was dead."

"When you wish yourself dead, you might come and tell me about it," I said.

"Yes, I will," he promised, a flying gleam of laughter in his eyes. It was gone in a moment, and he went on, half-serious again.

"A fellow doesn't wish he was dead, of course, for usually that would just mean that some other fellows, who have pluck enough to stay where they are put, would have to tackle his work and worries, in addition to their own. Just fancy sitting on a cloud and peering over the edge to watch someone else doing your work, especially if you had left it of your own accord! No, that wouldn't do at all. But suppose your own skin of life was in a hopeless tangle—you wouldn't want a thunderbolt to come along and remove you from your difficulties, just to leave them for someone else; you wouldn't even feel grateful to such a thunderbolt. But if a stray comet, journeying meditatively through space, caught sight of you, and, pitying your difficulties and appreciating your scruples about the thunderbolt, turned aside and ran full tilt at the earth, and smashed us all into star-dust again—it would be at least a complete solution."

"Would it?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Do you think the shape of matter—

whether it's scattered in star-dust or collected into you—makes so much difference? All the scattered star-dust that was you—all the atoms that held your courage or your capacity for hate or love or gambling in stocks—"

"I never did," James interrupted. "All these atoms that were you would wait and wait and wait, thousands and thousands of years, till they could all get together again and make just you over again. And meanwhile the rest of the star-dust that was knocked into space with you would have been getting itself together into people and places again, and you would find yourself again involved in circumstances—I'll admit they might not be exactly the same—but like enough to those you don't want to buck up against now."

"You confounded materialist! Where would my soul be all this time?"

"I don't know. As a matter of fact, I don't know where it is now. But it's probably in the atoms that make your not unpleasing person; why shouldn't it stay in them?"

James' mind evidently travelled a little distance before he spoke again. "Matter is indestructible, we are told—and why is it so if not to symbolize the indestructibility of other things? But you don't really need symbols at all, to know that some things are indestructible—some things in your inner consciousness you know to be indestructible."

"Eternal is the proper word in that connection," I interpolated.

James looked at me gravely.

"If you only had some sense!" he said, and went on with his own train of thought. "These things that you know to be indestructible—eternal—wouldn't it be logical to infer from them that nothing at all is destructible?"

"Quite logical enough for your present audience," I said, amiably.

"Therefore your general proposition is sound. Though," he held up a long, vigorous hand, shut it slowly into a fist and opened it again, regarding it seriously—"though I do rather believe that if my comet came tearing along now—before I finish this sentence—I would find myself, after years or thousands of years, again housed in flesh and again faced by a situation that I should, quite conceivably, again make a hash of. Timmy, my boy, I have muddled, hopelessly, one of the very few things that really matter."

"Mull it all by yourself?" I asked.

"Yes—or very nearly."

"And have you made any attempt to unnull it—or are you waiting for the comet?"

"Not a bit of me! Never thought of the comet till after I had written, and waited three days. Ah—I'm being a trifle mysterious." He pushed the lamp away a little. "I'll tell you, if you care to listen."

At that moment Ethel's tap sounded on the door of my den.

"Come in!" I called, and my sister appeared.

"Mr. Warren, will you go to the telephone, please?" she said. "It was a girl's voice," she added, mischievously, as he rose.

"A girl's voice?" I echoed. James was already out of the room, and Ethel, inspecting my bookshelves to see if I had unlawfully acquired any of her books, answered carelessly:

"One of his sisters, I suppose. It was a little like Mary Richardson's voice, but that's all off."

"Off! Since when?"

"Tim, you are the blindest bat! And what is my Thomas à Kempis doing here?"

"Resting," I answered, truthfully, though I really had meant to read it when I borrowed it. "What is the row between Jimmy and Miss Richardson?"

"I don't know—lovers' quarrel, I suppose. They will make it up. Good Heavens!" she added, wheeling suddenly, "does the man think we are all deaf?" She crossed the room swiftly, and closed the door. "It is Mary Richardson, evidently. I hope father has his study door shut."

"Nobody in the house has such ears as yours," I said, enviously. "What was he saying?" But Ethel is a high-

minded sort of girl, and wouldn't tell me. Instead she returned to Thomas à Kempis, inquiring unkindly why I didn't borrow books I could read.

In a few moments James returned, not even trying not to look radiant. "You might telegraph the comet to go round another way, Tim," he said. "And will you excuse me if I rush off now? I haven't a minute to spare."

After he had gone, and Ethel had taken Thomas à Kempis away with her, I looked at the empty chair, still standing in an argumentative attitude near the table.

"And all that," I mused, "just because he had had a row with Miss Richardson!"

TIMOTHY SCROPE.
Toronto, July 1906.

One Better.

When young Kenney, fresh from college, and without ever having earned a cent in his life, presented himself to old Dolman, sales manager of the Invincible Roofing Company, and cool as the proverbial cucumber, asked that worthy for exclusive right to a select piece of his territory, Dolman gasped, caught his breath, and gave Kenney the job almost before he knew it, taken foul by the sheer nerve of the youngster.

The next day, after Kenney had received his final instructions from the "old man," the latter only shook hands and smiled sarcastically at him as he departed, grip in hand, as if saying: "Make good if you can."

And here is how Kenney did it. One of the first prospective customers whom Kenney had "lined up" was located one morning in a palatial private office, and the young salesman presented his card to the office-boy in the outer office and waited while the urchin took it to his employer. Through the glass partition Kenney saw the latter look hastily at the card, tear it up and throw it in the waste-basket.

The office-boy returned with the old story that "Mr. A. was sorry, but he could not see Mr. Kenney," so the salesman sent the youngster back with the request that Mr. A. should return the card which had been sent to him, and which Kenney had seen destroyed.

After a few minutes the boy returned, gravely handed Kenney a nickel and remarked that "Mr. A. had destroyed the card, but if it was so valuable, perhaps the nickel would cover the damages."

Kenney, nothing daunted, took out another card, scratched a few words upon it with his pencil, and, bestowing a quarter upon the lad, succeeded in getting the card once more into Mr. A.'s sanctum.

And Mr. A. read: "These cards are two for five."

Kenney got the interview, sold a bill of goods—and old Dolman's sarcastic smile has ceased to exist—"Success."

A Notable Anniversary.

The four hundredth anniversary of the opening of Marischal College, Aberdeen, is to take place in September next, and from Canada, as well as from every part of the British Empire, there will gather in the Granite City men of light and leading, to participate in the interesting proceedings. It is fortunate for the famous seat of learning that in this important epoch of its history, it has for its lord rector a man of the widest sympathies and warm-hearted liberality, Lord Strathcona. Though he spent more than one half his long life in Canada, he is himself a native of the North Country, having been born and educated plain Donald Smith of Banffshire. He will be the principal in the functions, which will extend over four days, and with his accustomed generosity, he has asked to be permitted to entertain all the guests who assemble at the celebration of the anniversary and of the formal opening of a large new addition to the college. These will number about 2,500, and will include His Majesty King Edward. The Northern capital is pretty well fixed for hotels, being a chief center for tourist traffic, but it has already been shown that additional accommodation would be needed on this occasion, and the Canadian High Commissioner has solved the problem by erecting a large temporary building near the college, in which to hold the banquets. Fortunately, the added expenditure is nothing to a man of Lord Strathcona's means. He never does things by halves, as Canadian visitors to Great Britain can testify.—London (Ont.) "Advertiser."

Getting the English.

"We had a waiter who was a genius at our hotel last summer," said the funny man. "He understood the English. We asked him one morning what sort of berries he had for breakfast."

"I have strawberries," he answered, "and raspberries—it was worth the price of admission to hear him pronounce raspberries—and huckleberries, and gooseberries."

"Geeseberries?" we repeated. "You mean gooseberries."

"No," said he firmly. "I mean geeseberries. I understand the English. I sit up nights studying it. Gooseberries are singular, but geeseberries are the plural of it."—New York "Sun."

There is no phase of conceit more detestable than self-depreciation.—"Life."

NATURE MAKES MEN UNEQUAL

BY REV. WILLIAM KADER

PERHAPS the most significant social relation in these stirring times is the relation between employer and employee. No socialistic system will ever set aside the necessity of a commander and leader. Armies will always have generals. The birds of the air have leaders. Have you ever watched a flock of wild fowl fly over our California marshes? Then you must have observed the leaders. Business demands leadership. In fact, business is leadership. It is law and order and system. One reason why socialism is rejected by many strong men is because, according to some socialistic dreams, the elements of superiority and leadership are ruled out. The rise of the people against kings and potentates, against bosses and tyrants, does not mean necessarily a resistance against the man who is more capable of leading than the multitude who follow. Nature has provided more followers than leaders. Only one sheep wears the bell.

Discipline is more necessary than amiable theories of equality. What- ever is said to the contrary, this is true. Woe to the ship when all the crew are captains, and every passenger a pilot. Business is a simple proposition; one in command and the others under command. Whether we sell bread, or sail ships, or lead armies, or run a train, or keep an hotel, this is the simple law, and the time will not soon come when this law will be abrogated.

This leadership need not be thought of in military terms. The application of military tactics to commercial enterprises is not always wise, nor necessary.

The principle of discipline is no more a matter of the army than of the public school. It does not indicate a great social distinction. The follower may be on a higher social plane than the leader. It sometimes happens that the employee is socially superior to the employer. He may be a better man, more just, and righteously, and long-suffering, but in matters of business he may be a follower, and as such must recognize the superiority of his employer during business hours. Whatever may be the position of the player in the orchestra, when he is not playing, during the rendition of a piece of music he must obey the leader, and bow to the baton and its authority. Otherwise there would be discord. In paying respect to the leader, the musician does more than respect the man. He shows regard for a principle of necessary discipline and a condition of success.

The young man who refuses to be ordered about at certain periods of his life will never rise to the point of leadership. Some young men may read this who are sullen at their work. They are morose, and inclined to resent orders. They are not happy in their work. Every time they are told to do something they are possessed with a spirit of revolt, and when they hear a speech against the employers they shout themselves hoarse in approbation. No doubt, some employers would be better fitted to drive mules than men. They are rough, and profane, and unmanly, and have very little consideration for the feelings. For such, no apology is meant. My point is that the boy who is constantly restless under orders will probably never get up very far, but remain in the ranks. The sullen, disobedient soldier never reaches the top. The boy who is constantly objecting to the rules of the school will object to other laws as he grows older.

Not a little friction occurs between employer and employee on account of a false idea of their commercial relation. Equal at the ballot, equal at the altar, equal as human beings, they are commercially unequal, all the views of equality to the contrary. One is supposed to know more about his business than the other.

There is a good deal of service that is unwilling service. It is never of the best quality. When a man works for another unwillingly, either he should resign or overcome the unwillingness and enjoy his service. Work is a noble and inspiring exercise, when one sings at his work, as Carlyle puts it, but when he swears at it, his character grows smaller day by day. Hundreds of men are out of place in their daily work. They are dissatisfied. Not having found the right niche in the wall of labor, they are disgruntled. What a long step toward happiness, could we all be really satisfied with the work in which we are engaged!

One of the inspiring ideals for which to work in our country is to be an employer, a master, a leader; to wear the bell or the gold lace, and to go ahead. I believe this is the proper reward of individuality.

The best thing the modern industrial system produces is individual power, under the advantage of freedom. The worst thing it produces is nonentity, the crushing of individuality. The employee, however, may be an employer. Nothing may prevent this but his own negligence. He may go from the position of brakeman to the presidency of the railroad. It has been done.

The boy who sweeps out the store

may one day be the owner. Often has this been done.

The private, marching in the ranks, may become the leader of the army. And this has been accomplished.

Personal equality does not exist. Civil and religious equality does. Religion, law and franchise have leveled some distinctions, but the natural differences of men remain. The fact that men are variously endowed is a stone wall against which all revolutionary theories of equality break in pieces. Persons having the same antecedents and circumstances are totally unlike. Some are strong, others weak; some good, others bad; some employ, others are employed. Such inequality cannot be explained by conditions, and neither can it be eliminated by laws or a new social system. Nobody knows the cause of inequality in people. The differentiation of individuals goes back to the germinal life. But, come to think of it, we are all superior in some one thing. To most people is given the power to do at least one thing better than anybody else can do it. To find what that is, is to succeed in life.

Embarrassing.

It seems to have been reserved to the American woman to import a thirst for distinction into the feminine character, but not to the complete subversion of the love of the beautiful. And so we stand, in some embarrassment, at the parting of the ways, as it were. On the one hand, diamonds are undeniably lovely; but on the other, they are getting to be no less undeniably common. Already it is impossible to attract any attention to speak of with anything less than a tiara or a dog-collar, and hardly by means of these unless they are worn with a bathing suit or pyjamas, and the day would seem to be not far off when all the diamonds a woman can stagger under will not serve to get her pointed out and stared at.

Simplicity has its drawbacks, but where nothing else will confer singularity, what are we to do?—"Life."

Rather.

The prediction having failed dismally, the ancient Romans were cackling merrily upon the Apian Way.

"Don't tell me!" shrilled one. "These new-fangled ways of predicting things may be scientific, but this goes to show that even science has its faults."

"It occurs to me," observed Claudius, "that if this sort of thing keeps up it will put the augur in the hole, so to speak."—"Puck."

Bound to be Acquitted.

Magistrate—You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at two o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf?

Prisoner—I am not guilty, your honor, I can prove a lullaby.

Magistrate—You mean an alibi?

Prisoner—Well, call it what you like, but my wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge. —Chicago "Daily News."

Not a Word.

Genial German (to artistic friend)—De picture you haf bainted is most pitiful! Der is only von vord in de English lanckguidge vich describes it—and I haf vorgotten it—"Pick-Me-Up."



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

Dismal Failure.

Sometimes one attempts to be facetious with the wrong person—the individual of no facetiousness, as it were. Recently, remarks Strickland W. Gilliam in "Judge," I was going from Baltimore to Pittsburg, making the first stage via the Northern Central branch of Mr. Cassatt's railroad. The conductor was a man of intelligent appearance, so when I handed him my mileage-book and he proceeded to reel off a few yards of its generous length, I remarked merrily:

"The company aims to make the length of mileage-strip in the book correspond as nearly as possible to the actual distance travelled, it seems."

"I don't know what you mean," he solemnly replied.

"I mean," I said with that sinking feeling one has when a joke begins to fall flat, "that you have to tear off a couple of yards of that mileage for my trip."

"Yes," he said again with the patient air one employs in talking with very young children, insane people and idiots; "but, you see, you get to ride a good deal further than two yards, or even two miles."

For the remainder of that trip I didn't speak to a soul, except to remark earnestly as to the state of weather and the probability of rain.

As to love, no one will ever have the "last word"—not even woman.—"Judge."

LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE WHOLESOME PALATABLE BEVERAGE

IZOD'S CORSETS

World-Renowned CORSETS are the best corsets to wear

Because they best fulfill the necessary conditions of art and hygiene.

Because they retain their shape longer and wear best.

Because they represent the highest standard in styling worth and honest value.

In White or Dove. Corset. Price—\$2.25 per pair.

These Corsets are scientifically designed to preserve and improve the symmetry and beauty of the figure, and they carry out their purpose.

Awarded Certificate of Merit at the London Hygienic Institute.

Being in various designs from 100 King St. West.

STONE & CO., TORONTO.

Provincial Loan of \$3,000,000

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, under the authority of Chapter 4, of the Statutes of Ontario, 1906, invites subscriptions from the public for a loan of \$3,000,000 on bonds of the Province of Ontario, dated 1st July, 1906, and payable

\$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1926, \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1936, with coupons attached for interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. Bonds to the order of certain denominations of \$200, \$500 and \$1,000, and will be payable to bearer, but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders may be exchanged for Ontario Government Stock bearing the same rate of interest.

The issue price during the month of July, 1906 will be par, and after the 31st July, 1906, the issue price will be par and accrued interest.

ALL BONDS AND INScribed STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TAXES, CHARGES, SUCCESSION DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of amounts up to \$1,000 will be required to send certified cheque with the application. For amounts over \$1,000 payment for subscription may be made in instalments of 10 per cent. on application, 10 per cent. 1st August, 10 per cent. 1st September, 10 per cent. 1st October, 10 per cent. 1st November, and 50 per cent. 1st December, 1906, with privilege of paying at an earlier date, the interest on instalment subscriptions being adjusted on 1st January, 1907.

In the event of any subscriber for bonds payable by instalments failing to make payment of subsequent instalments, the interest on instalment subscriptions will be charged to the purchaser in default.

Forms of subscription (when payable by instalments) may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer.

This loan is raised upon the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario and is chargeable thereupon.

All cheques should be made payable to the order of "The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario," and subscribers should state the denominations and terms (20 or 30 years) of bonds desired.

A. J. MATHIESON, Provincial Treasurer.

Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 27th June, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

De Miraclo

A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to remove hair.

Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and managers.

De Miraclo is not a hair cream, it is a hair remover which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. It is free from all acids, and is safe for use on the face, neck, arms, legs, etc.

De Miraclo is sold in plain wrapper for \$1.00 by De Miraclo Co., 1111 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

Now is the time from the world's life and spend a the Highlands or take a trip through the resorts to which is one of the lightest and popular Tourist tickets daily to all resorts.

Call on us Toronto city ticket office near King and York.

J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A.

Niagara River

—FOR— BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS

Steamer Time

In effect June 11th, daily (except Sunday) Leave Toronto, foot of Yonge 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m. Arrive Toronto 10.30 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 8.30 p.m., 10 p.m.

City Ticket Office, Yonge St. A. F. Webster, King and York. Tickets now on sale at 14 Eads.

R&O

3.30 Daily for Islands, real, Qu Bay, Tado uenay Riv

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FROM MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, June 14, 1906. LAKE ERIE, July 7, 1906. LAKE SUPERIOR, July 14, 1906. LAKE MANITOBA, July 21, 1906. LAKE HURON, July 28, 1906.

1st. cabin \$65.00 and up; 2nd. cabin \$40.00 up; 3rd. class \$25.00 up; 4th. class \$15.00 up. Apply at once for our illustrated list of our superior 3rd class.

FROM MONTREAL DIRECT

MONTROSE, July 3, Aug. 10, 1906. Apply for complete sailing.

S. J. SHARP, Western Agent, Phone Main 2330. 80 York St.

LIGHT and AIR

Tourist cars on the Pacific are clean and comfortable. Overcrowding in the cars is a thing of the past. The seats are upholstered in tan, and at night the glass windows are covered with heavy curtains.

The seats are upholstered in tan, and at night the glass windows are covered with heavy curtains. The seats are upholstered in tan, and at night the glass windows are covered with heavy curtains.

are enclosed and travel altogether comfortably. If you cross the one of the tourist Union Pacific you trip and save considerable.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

Niagara River Line

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In effect June 11th, daily (except Sunday)—
Leave Toronto, foot of Yonge street 7.30 a.m.,
9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.15 p.m.
Arrive Toronto 10.30 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 3 p.m.,
4.45 p.m., 8.30 p.m., 10 p.m.

City Ticket Office, Yonge St. Dock and
A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Sts. Book
Tickets now on sale at 14 East Front St. only.

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3.30 Daily for Rochester, 1000
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Points via Charlotte, port
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3.30 SATURDAY & MONDAY OUTINGS
To Rochester, 1000 Is-
lands, Prescott, every Sat-
urday, returning Monday
morning.

4.30 Tuesdays, Thursdays and
Saturdays, Bay of Quinte,
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For further information apply to
any R. & O. ticket office or write H.
Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger
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ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

"EMPRESSES"

FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO
LIVERPOOL.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, June 30, Aug. 4, Sept. 15,
LAKE ERIE, July 7, Aug. 18, Sept. 29,
EMPEROR OF IRELAND, July 12, Aug. 9, Sept. 7,
LAKE MANITOBA, July 21, Sept. 1, Oct. 12,
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Sept. 20.

1st. cabin \$65.00 and upwards, according to
steamer; one class, intermediate \$42.50; 2nd
cabin \$40.00 up; 3rd class \$25.00 and \$25.75. Ap-
ply at once for our illustrated booklet descrip-
tive of our superior 3rd class accommodation.

FROM MONTREAL TO LONDON DIRECT.

MONTROSE, July 3, Aug. 12, 2nd. cabin only
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Apply for complete sailings.

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Tourist cars on the Union Pa-
cific are clean and light and airy.
Overcrowding in them is a con-
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The seats are upholstered in rat-
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glass windows ornament the sides
of the cars; the wide vestibules
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If you cross the continent in
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J. O. GOODSELL, T.P.A., & F. B. CHOATE, G.A.,
14 James Building, 11 Fort St.
TORONTO, CANADA. DETROIT, MICH.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Holiday Season

Now is the time to get away
from the worries of business
life and spend a few weeks in
the Highlands of Ontario, or
take a trip through the eastern
resorts to the Sea Side,
which is one of the most de-
lightful and popular trips.

Tourist tickets are on sale
daily to all resorts.

Call on agents.

Toronto city ticket office, north-west cor-
ner King and Yonge streets.

J. D. McDONALD,
D. P. A. Toronto.

to be honestly or otherwise obtained. Sometimes he or she grabs what is desired with a "fight-me" expression, which disconcerts the other claimant, who fades away, apparently vanquished, but really planning revenge, on the first opportunity. An enemy made is the price of whatever was grabbed; it may be a man, a pleasant or hon-orable place, a woman, a gem, a bar- gain, or one of a score lesser things. Once victorious, the selfish one con- tinues the war, fatuously blind to the price paid for each concession or plunder. If a woman, all her associ- ates, even her timid toadies, band to- gether instinctively against her; she is omitted from merry gatherings, her admirers mysteriously cool off and disappear, she thinks the world is hard, cold and envious of her, and to the end she nurses a grievance against fate. The selfish man has a better time; the truly selfish man isn't, as has been wrongly supposed, often a bachelor; he takes unto himself a wife, the very best brand, of course, and domineers over her, obviously or secretly as his finesse is great or small. His children are not given any freedom which costs him a thought; he keeps the girls at home, pensioners of his cheque-book, and denies them the love which comes their way. Suitor after suitor, find- ing rough congé instead of welcome, because he dreads being left without slaves born of his body to minister to him. As a lover he is supposed to be jealous-minded, often only be- cause of his innate greed; as a man of business he is open to some clever flatterers, but adamant to the general crowd in the market place. When he gets money, one would imagine he made and minted every dollar himself, so close is his hand and so egotistic his attitude. He spends it always, on himself or others, with an eye to its return in power, fame, or position. I should imagine the Gethsemane of the truly selfish man must be the making of his will. It is quite frequently the Gehenna of his expectant legates.

A man from afar has been telling me about the scene of the "Garden of Allah," a book we were all reading a year or more ago. The man has just been there, on the edge of the desert, where the Count's garden is exactly as described by the novelist, whose story created such an interest in the neighborhood that throngs of tourists now make it their Mecca, a huge new hotel has been built, and the Count's garden is a resort of the rich and travelling multitudes. The Garden of Allah, the broad African desert, is perambulated by the caravans of Chicago millionaires—the verb "s'exploiter" has been conjugated almost to the last tense. The novel with its vivid word pictures, its pathetic and tragic life story, its art of playing on the strings of many sorts of human heart, its strength, and its beauty of imagery, and its un- ravelling of psychic secrets has aroused the natural longing of those who can afford time and money to see for themselves the wonders of the desert, the marvel of the Count's garden, and the place where the fugitive monk learned to love and renounce his idol. The novel nowadays is certainly a powerful lever some- times!

AN UNFINISHED COURSE.

"Does your son graduate this month?"

"Oh, no. He has another year on the track team."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

DOCTOR'S SHIFT

Now Gets Along Without It.

A physician says: "Until last fall I used to eat meat for my break- fast and suffered with indigestion until the meat had passed from my stomach."

"Last fall I began the use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts, and since then I have not had any indigestion and am feeling better and have increased in weight."

"Since finding the benefit I de- rived from Grape-Nuts I have pre- scribed the food for all of my pa- tients suffering from indigestion or over-feeding and also for those re- covering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and which will not overtax the stomach."

"I always find the results I look for when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason for the wonderful amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find.

In the first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into Dex- trose or Post Sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the blood. The parts in the wheat and barley which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remark- able food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength producers so easily noticed after one has eaten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or 10 days. "There's a reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Kenny.—November 14 brings you under the full influence of Scorpio, a sign noted for its magnetism and vitality. Indomitable will, self-control, and skill in the use of the hands are proper Scorpio traits; keen observa- tion and steady poise are others. The tact and taste in expression of Scorpio are yours, with courtesy and affability. In serious business these last traits disappear, and Scorpio is blunt and abrupt. To mind your own busi- ness and mind it well is a Scorpio excellence, and you should be fond of outdoor sports, ocean travel, and sea views. To praise, even to flatter, is the way to please the ordinary Scorpio person.

Pete.—Winter isn't biting you now, Peter. Toronto wasn't particularly "fussed up" over the Prince. He wasn't a very striking sort of indi- vidual, but those who knew him found him a pleasant companion. October 18 brings you under Libra, an air sign, and you are a fairly good development, with sentiment and judg- ment pretty well balanced, persever- ance and clear-headedness good, tact, sympathy, initiative, and imagination; impulse, responsiveness, prudence, bright perception, and an excellent temper are traits shown in your study. There is a tendency to exaggeration in some lines, and a gentleness of nature which leads one to doubt if your nom de plume suggests your sex correctly.

Minerve.—Your small bouquet gratefully acknowledged. I fancy you used some sort of lines for your study. It gives the impression of formality and repression. The writ- ing would scarcely serve for deline- ation, but has practical, careful, and complete method; sympathy, tact, taste, and high honor and self-respect. When I look for the lines that state individuality and character force, how- ever, I find them not.

Chessy.—There is still capital fish- ing in some parts of Muskoka. Nat- urally, if you like big fish, you will go farther away. Salmon are down east in good quantity. Did you see what good luck Earl Grey had on the Cascapedia? And you can glut your taste for "gathering them in" in Newfoundland. Bon voyage, good sir, and when you return, tell me of your luck.

H. H. H.—Our best thanks to you for unlimited taffy. September 25 brings you under Libra, in which you are achieving a fine development. There is some aptitude for business, good energy and enterprise, method and hope, with a healthy ambition. You haven't the finesse of Pete, but are apt to be obvious in getting your aims. All the lines of your study are gracious and harmonious, and though you are not strongly aggres- sive or self-assertive, you generally get what you want. General discre- tion is shown, with phases of im- pulse and inaction (the real Libra woman!). Libra is so subject to psychological influences that rule and rote is often at fault concerning this sign. Libra goes to extremes in ex- pression, unless controlled. The su- perlative is the Libra temptation. The enthusiasm of Libra is sublime, its constancy often uncertain, and a despondent mood liable to follow elation. You should never be circum- scribed in your effort, for, like the true air child, you need all out doors to work in.

Mab.—The surplus energy should certainly find an outlet in more active occupation. Your writing is still un- decided, but it should indicate plenty of purpose, and a quiet sort of power, that does not aggress, nor would it antagonize anyone. As I do not know any of your qualities in regard to this or that situation, I could not advise you. Travelling companion might give you enough to do—cer- tainly the hospital work would do so. Whatever you decide, in the mean- time try and renounce girding at your present work. It's a foolish waste of nerve force, bound to react on your happiness.

Lord Sober.—Your first letter has just come in its turn, and I immedi- ately recalled your second on ac- count of the writing, which is all I consider. What you think or say about astrology doesn't interest me—but your apology does, for it is con- siderate and frank. Fancy your re- membering for over two months that you had cavilled at the power of the eternal stars! What a conscience! Bless your heart, the stars don't mind! Dogs bay unregarded at the moon. You write like a goat, I mean, a Capricorn man. However, I won't try to guess your natal day, since you're so choice about it. You remind me of an Irish old lady who never would tell her age or day of

birth. "Sure, 'tis no business of any- one but me mother an' meself," was what she set me out with, when I inquired. As to your writing, it is practical, thoughtful, methodical, and legal. Do you understand? A strong touch of pessimism runs through all your efforts. You seem to have Saturn on your trail, and per- haps think you're a hard-luck body. Though not superficially attractive, you are an interesting person, and have a level head, in which are long thoughts, the result of study, self- discipline, and circumstances. You are earnest and sincere, capable of warm affection, on some subjects acute, on others painfully dense. You cannot omit detail, and are a reliable follower of convention, and would probably be more distressed by an awkwardness than a fault. You are distressingly logical, and would be ex- asperating to a degree to an impul- sive, sensitive, and very intuitive per- son. You would make an excellent friend and an unforgiving enemy, es- pecially if the injury was to your standing or dignity. I should never dream of calling you cold, calculat- ing, unfeeling, mechanical, but I could quite understand people doing so. Can I have studied you before? The writing looks familiar.

Blackie.—What you accomplish in this world will likely count in the next, and determine your progress later on. "Along what lines could I accomplish most?" Well, not on the blue lines which hamper your grapho- logical study. From this day forward I am going to chuck all studies on anything but plain white paper into the waste-paper basket. November 29 brings you under Sagittarius, the Archer, a fire sign, and remarkable for blunt directness and courage of opinion. You are full of intuitive, bright, and useful purpose; good-tem- pered, businesslike, enterprising, and progressive. A busy life is your nat- ural fate, and you are careful and thorough. You are not discreet nor secretive, and may jump at conclu- sions without warrant. Hope and buoyancy are shown.

Nick.—The "should" was admoni- tory. Glad you've arrived at years of discretion. I was about to withdraw my account. Good luck to you, Nich- olas.

Leo.—You are sensitive to influ- ence, somewhat susceptible, eloquent and ardent. Should be a good pro- moter or pleader, and have influence and magnetism. The dominant touch, at once practical and pessimistic, and alas! at times fickle and inconstant, is shown. You are not careful of de- tail, nor do you spend much time to ensure perfection. It's a busy and somewhat strenuous study, planning rather than completing. There is no higher culture, but great natural ap- tness. A study in the rough—strong and headlong.

June Bird.—"The Kentucky Cardi- nal" is a supremely lovely and en- dearing prose poem, for which I kiss the hand of its writer. But you need to read the sequel, "Aftermath," to fully appreciate it. No one should be content with half a loaf, even though the bread be bitter with sor- row and regret. June 2 brings you under Gemini, the Twins, an air sign. Your writing is full of energy, im- pulse, initiative, and a thinness of pur- pose that often marks your sign. Gemini people want opposite things. The double mind of Castor and Pollux works diversely, and they attain noth- ing. You are over-enthusiastic, killing mosquitoes with an axe. It is a fine, strongly-inspired study, original and able; frank, honest, and courageous. Writer should make way in the world, but need not stun those who are in the roadway. Sometimes walk around them, my friend. This study is eloquent of what might be done—will it?

Grace.—How I sympathize with you, old child! Just into Leo, and not allowed to dance. 'Tis a sad world we live in! And fully sixteen years have you endured its miseries. The only way I can see out of the present tragedy is for you to elope with and marry the best dancer you know; then, when the blinds are drawn and the shutters made fast in your own house, you can wind up the phonograph and dance through a programme with your husband. Sure- ly the congregation won't object to that! By-by!

Need an Earthquake to Cure Their Grief.

A queer bit of news is that from San Francisco, that only three sui- cides occurred in the sixty days fol- lowing the earthquake, whereas the normal expectation of self-destruction in the nine weeks was in the neigh- borhood of a hundred. In other words, the appalling calamity, instead of stampeding those bent on death,

All "Cravenette" cloth is wa- terproof. But all cloth, said to be "just as good" as "Cravenette," is not.

Every yard of the genuine

bears the "Cravan- ette" trademark. See that the cloth you buy bears the "Craven- ette" trademark, and you may be sure your rain coat will be waterproof.

Boils and Pimples

Red Rash, Eczema, in fact any skin disease, disfigures the com- plexion because the bowels are constipated—or because the kidneys do not rid the system of waste—or because the skin itself is unhealthy.

Ointments, salves and soaps are useless. Because the trouble is with the blood.

Owing to defective action of bowels, kidneys or skin, the blood becomes laden with impurities. It is these impu- rities—deposited by the blood—that make boils, pimples, and painful, dis- figuring skin diseases. It is because the trouble is with the bowels, kidneys or skin, that FRUIT-A-TIVES cure these diseases.

Fruit-a-tives

act directly on the eliminating organs—correct their irregularities—strengthen them—and thus clear the skin and make the complexion clear and soft.

If you have any skin trouble—or any fault with constipation, liver trouble, biliousness, headaches, indigestion, rheumatism—cure yourself with Fruit-a-tives. They are made of fruit juices and tonics—and never fail to cure. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES
LIMITED,
OTTAWA.



CLARK'S Corned Beef

is just fine Corned Beef—boneless and wasteless and very tasty. With Clark's Corned Beef in the house an appetizing meal is ready-to-serve at any hour. It saves time, coal and trouble.

Order some now from your dealer.

WM. CLARK, MFR.
MONTREAL 5-1-06

almost entirely effaced the suicidal mania. Prior to the earthquake about two people every day took their lives. We know that suicide is a slow de- lusion. Its victim generally harbors the thought of death for many months, even years. When the quake arrived there were, according to statistics of previous suicides, at least a hundred persons in the city so near to the fatal resolve that by this time they would have carried it into effect. One would say that the catastrophe, falling upon those very persons, precipitating them all the deeper into the pit of despair, would have caused them to rush forthwith to the cold hospitality of the grave. On the contrary, it must have braced them up, dissipated their gloom, and set them in tune with the world once more. Of course there is a lesson here, but who shall say what it is? Certainly life could not have been made easier by the earthquake for any one. The bane of life to many, no doubt, is its sameness and tame- ness. The dull round, the annoy- ance of little troubles, the chafe of everyday ills, debts that nag and pes- ter, drive many to death. The most effective cure for a thousand little griefs is one big, overwhelming grief. Then, too, calamity always makes good times. A curious anomaly of our economic system, surely! But it is true. Work is plentiful. The haughty get down off their stilts and the lowly are treated like real people. What a pity it is that it takes an earthquake and a fire to put a city or a nation into a brotherly frame of mind, to make liv- ing a blessed thing, and to assuage in joyless souls the passion to be quit of the world!—"Judge."

He Misunderstood.

First Suburbanite: Did you ever go on one of those Cook's Tours?

Second Suburbanite: Oh, yes; I've visited every intelligence office from one end of the city to the other.—"Woman's Home Companion."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher: Why did the ancients be- lieve the earth to be flat?

Bright Boy: 'Cause they didn't have no school globes to prove it was round.—Chicago "News."

The "Argonaut" has Fun With "Success"

EVER since the San Francisco disaster of April 18 the "Argonaut" has been intent on gathering strange and curious incidents of that colossal conflagration. That humor, at least, was not buried in the ruins of the city the following extracts from an article in that paper will attest:

Most of us were so dazed by the rapidity of the events that we remember them incoherently and set them down with difficulty. In the East, however, people seem to have no such trouble. True, they did not undergo the experiences they relate, but that they do not heed. We have encountered a number of narratives in Eastern papers which are of the most extraordinary description. In fact, they are as incredible as they are extraordinary.

In the magazine called "Success" we saw announced an article entitled "Remarkable Facts about the San Francisco Earthquake, reported by Hosmer Whitfield."

Naturally, in such a high-grade journal, we looked forward with much interest to the appearance of this article. We have not the honor of being on the exchange list of "Success," and "Success" has not the pleasure of being on the exchange list of the "Argonaut." Therefore we sent ten cents for an early copy of the July number, and at once turned feverishly to Mr. Whitfield's remarkable article headed "Remarkable Facts." The first paragraph runs as follows:

The residence of John D. Spreckles, the sugar king, was situated on Van Ness avenue, and was one of the most costly and luxurious palaces in California. When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it with dynamite, Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged them not to do so.

This paragraph begins: "The residence of John D. SpreckLES." There is no "John D. SpreckLES." There is a "John D. SpreckELS."

The paragraph calls him "the Sugar King." He is not a "Sugar King." He never was. His father, Claus Spreckels, is the "Sugar King."

The paragraph goes on: "The residence of John D. Spreckles was situated on Van Ness avenue." It never was on Van Ness avenue. It is on Pacific avenue.

The paragraph continues: "When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it." It was not demolished, but is still standing. The residence of Claus Spreckels was on Van Ness avenue but was not demolished with dynamite; it is still standing, and the damage done was through fire.

The next sentence runs thus: "Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged the soldiers not to do so"—that is, not to demolish his residence with dynamite. As it was not John D. Spreckles', and as it was not demolished with dynamite, and as it was not demolished at all, and as his residence was not there, it is highly probable that Mr. Spreckles did not beg them to refrain from demolishing it. Furthermore, as John D. Spreckles had been dangerously ill for a number of weeks and was then in bed a long distance away at Pacific and Laguna streets, he probably did not kneel in prayer at Van Ness and Clay, in the midst of dynamite and fire.

Aside from these few inaccuracies we have no doubt that the paragraph is correct.

The remarkable Mr. Whitfield thus continues his "Remarkable Facts":

The night of the earthquake hundreds of horses in the stables throughout the city became unusually nervous. They pawed, kicked, neighed, and exhibited other signs of restlessness in their stalls. They seemed to want to break out and run away.

Those of us who believe that human hindsight is infinitely better than its foresight differ with Mr. Whitfield. Some of us believe that nobody knows what is going to happen. If anybody in San Francisco, in California, in the United States, or in the world knew on the 17th of April that an earthquake shock was coming on the 18th, they made no sign. The San Francisco newspapers contained on the 17th of April columns of advertise-

ments by clairvoyants, soothsayers, wahrsagerinnen, fortune tellers, spiritualistic mediums and Egyptian veiled ladies; all these prophetic freaks were ready to tell your fortune while you wait from half a dollar up, according to the amount of idiocy your mother gave you when you were born. The advertisements of these freaks spangled the San Francisco dailies on the 17th of April. On the 18th of April there were no newspapers, no advertisements, and no prophetic freaks.

Thus it is seen that human foresight—even that of the oldest and most experienced foresighter—is no good. But Mr. Whitfield evidently believes in equine foresight. He thinks that a horse can see farther into the future than a man. Perhaps he can, but the deponent doubts it. The average horse at a distance of ten feet cannot tell a bale of straw bedding from a bale of rich wheat hay. Many horses will shy at their own shadows. For Mr. Whitfield to believe that animals so low in the intellectual scale as horses—almost as low, let us say, as clairvoyants—should be able to fortell cosmic disturbances, known only to college professors and to Omniscience, speaks volumes for his credulity, but little for his think-tank.

The next paragraph in Mr. Whitfield's "Remarkable Facts" runs as follows:

I am told on the best authority that several hundred people went insane the day of the shock, while scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds.

If "several hundred people went insane the day of the shock," the fact would have developed from the pressure on the asylums. The asylums were so seriously damaged that some are still unable adequately to house the unfortunate who were already in their care at the time of the earthquake. What then has become of the "several hundred who went insane the day of the shock"? On second thoughts the answer to that is contained in Mr. Whitfield's next statement that "scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds." Probably these cured lunatics at once vacated their quarters in the insane asylums, and those who went mad on the day of the shock popped into their places.

Gladness and Sadness.

'Twas a clipping from a paper,
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage.
And I read it, every letter,
Thinking I had seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there,
But in smiling contemplation
Of the author's new creation
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started;
From my lips the smile departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in uncut column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

And I thought, Come grief or pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure,
I may laugh,
But some other one is wailing,
For the tear's the smile's unfailing
Other half.
GEORGE H. TUDHOPE.
Toronto, July, 1906.

A Little Vague.

A Boston lady seeking summer board on a farm saw an advertisement giving a description of about such a place as she wanted, and sent a letter of inquiry. She received the following information as to terms: "We charge five dollars a week for men, four and a half for ladies and four dollars for children old enough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."—New York "Sun."

The Reform Fell Through.

The Man—Now, look here, Helen, we're going to run this household on a more methodical system. Everything in its place, so that we will know where everything is kept.

His Wife—Oh, how nice! Now, let's begin with your late hours, dear. I should dearly like to know where they are kept.—"Lippincott's."

Why Women Are Mystics

By JANE CARR

THE greatest compliment that a man can pay a woman is to hint delicately that she is an enigma, a mystery, the most adorable riddle in the universe, the one enticing problem that never wears the mathematician in the solving. And he is honest, this poor, misguided man, when he tells her that she is a puzzle, that the reason for a certain action has its depths beyond his masculine shallows, and, baffled, he sits and gazes upon her pleased smile and asks himself if there ever was another woman like her. She encourages this notion about herself, this complex, bewildering creature, and if she stoops to the subterfuge of trying to win the unsuspecting victim by the same methods, she is guilty of perjury and double deceit. For if there is one subject thoroughly grasped and comprehended and manipulated by woman, it is man. She insists that a certain man is beyond her, and, guilelessly noting his inflation, she conceals the smile at the idea of anything so simple being termed a conundrum. She knows that to him, she is a mystery, but to her is he no more of a mystery than she is to another woman. Herein lies the fascination of sex, and when the Shaws and Ibsens have reduced the Sphinx to the common, everyday level of the equation, then woman will be deprived of half her charm.

Caprice and moods are prime causes in producing the glamour, and, since they are not founded on a known basis, there is no dependence to be placed on the sex controlled by the whims of the moment. But are women more difficult to understand than men?

Have women, conscious of inferior strength, hidden themselves behind this tantalizing veil, this gossamer of idealization for the purpose of concealing their weakness? It is a secret love of adulation that creates mysteries and excites curiosity by denying the full revelation of what would in reality be very unprepossessing?

It would be interesting to trace historically the birth of the theory that woman was created to be an unanswerable riddle.

A woman belonging to the tribe of the North American Indian is a very guessable quantity, and never instills the least doubt in the minds of the braves who constitute themselves her natural guardian.

In the olden times the woman of mystery was burned as a witch, as one controlled by the spirits of the powers of darkness, and the maiden of simple ways saved her very life by the straightforwardness of her manner. But as social conditions become more complex, a woman will be regarded as a greater enigma, and, recognizing the advantage of such a position, she will cultivate all the refined arts of civilization that make her mysticism so powerful.

Perhaps science will unravel and make plain, by demonstrations that show peculiarities and differences in the nervous system, the complication in the nervous centers that mark the distinction between resolute action and restless caprice.

But this passion for mystery that woman delights in is a stumbling block in the way of her advancement, and her very incomprehensibility debars her from larger fields of action. But until we account for the illusions that may exist in nature or merely in the imagination of the male, we are certain that woman is willing to forego the privileges of the ballot in order to blind the eyes, muddle the brain and bewitch the senses of the man she loves.

Useful Information.

On the edge of a small river in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridge path to Faversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road."—New York "Tribune."

Embarrassment of Riches.

An old Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son, who has been married three times. "Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then, with pathetic resignation, "but when a man has three mothers-in-law his own mother becomes a luxury."—"Lippincott's."

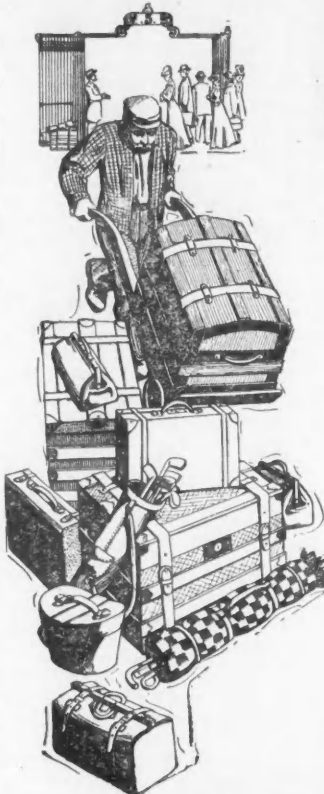
Knew His Man.

Borough—Say, old man, lend me a ten-spot, will you?
Lenders—No, thank you, I'm not making any permanent investments just now.—Philadelphia "Press."

A Large Order.

"I warn all you boys," began the new master, with an inflated sense of his own importance and authority, "that I'll confiscate everything that anyone makes a noise with. I'll not

Some Remarkable Reductions in High-Grade Traveling Goods



It just happens that in the immense ebb and flow of Traveling Goods we have witnessed this season, we are like to be caught stock-taking time at high-tide when, by rules of storekeeping, stocks should be at the ebb. We are taking measures to break the regularity of the incoming and outgoing stocks by holding back new shipments and clearing out the several thousand dollars worth of suit cases and club bags now on hand.

Any one, therefore, who needs a really high-grade bag or case will save a large proportion of the price by buying at this store. Our goods are the best on the market and our regular prices the closest to manufacturers' cost. Regular prices, however, are now reduced, so the opportunity is really phenomenal.

Ladies' \$7.50 Club Bags, \$4.95

30 only Ladies' Club Bags, made from fine black Paris Walrus grain cowhide leather, leather lining, leather covered frame, expensive leather handle, nickel-plated lock and clasps, size 18 inch. Regular \$7.50, Monday..... **\$4.95**

French Edge Suit Cases

60 Fine Paris grain leather Suit Cases, French edge, leather lining, solid brass lock and bolts. Colors: black, London russet, olive and brown. Extra good handle, size 24 inch. Worth \$ 0.00, Monday..... **\$7.95**

\$5.00 Suit Cases, \$3.88

100 Grain Leather Suit Cases made on steel frame, two brass locks, leather handle, pocket and straps; colors, brown, olive and London russet, 24 inch. Worth \$5.00, Monday..... **\$3.88**

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SIMPSON

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Sold at all Founts 5¢ Carbonated in Bottles



Gentleman (to Irish ostler, who has brought out their horses)—That's my horse.
Ostler—Yes, sorr, Oi know that; but didn't know which of the two was the other gentleman's, sorr!
—Punch.

have industrious boys upset by the lazy ones."

Then he sat down with his hand on the cane and his fierce eye on the class.

Presently a great clattering from the far end of the room broke the silence.

The master scowled and fixed his eagle eye on an unfortunate small boy.

"Bring that here at once!" he shouted, raising his voice and the cane simultaneously.

Silence reigned while a small boy wrestled vainly with a dark object at the end of the room.

"Why don't you do as you're told?" roared the learned man. "Bring that clattering thing here at once!"

"I can't, sir," said a hesitating voice, "It's the hot-water pipe, and I can't

get it up."

Then the class sniggered and the master became engrossed in a book. —Answers.

His Great Luck.

"Isaacstein has such a greatness of luck."

"Vot happened mit him?"

"Ven his shtrout caught fire his little boy Abraham fell in der shreet under the engine, und der firemen vas delayed nearly halful an hour."

—"Judge."

Circus Gossip.

The Tiger—I hear the elephant can't leave with the show.

The Bear—Why not?

The Tiger—They are holding his trunk for his board.—Exchange.



THE musical c... ronto have... our loss i... for good o... the brillian... virtuoso, who leav... (Saturday) morning... Germany, which cit... make his home. Field's Canadian pu... him to Dresden, in... the advantage of his...

Toronto will have judging of the qual... vaunted brass band... Country of the Moth... these organizations... claiming to be t... ous band in the... ing been engaged... The first is the B... which will give conc... during next week, o... day afternoon. The... told, is as follows: 1816 there were org... musicians in the... Queensbury, and in... was started, in whi... employees of the I... were members. Mr... founder of the firm... When, in 1855, this... show signs of decay... took the matter in... the band with the... each bandsman empl... suit of this impro... was seen in the follo... the band secured a... Hull contest.

As far back as placed first in a con... tal Palace, when al... bands competed. T... wins at Belle Vue... band gold medalists... ing years the ban... triumphs under Mr... North Country cor... since attained some... In the Jubilee year... nine first, four seco... prizes, and in 1891... the championship... the seventh time i... Blackpool in 1893... of £75 in cash and... valued at £25, and... in competition with... in the country, the... guinea challenge tro... of £40, a gold-pla... at ten guineas, and... for each member of...

The second band, o' th' Barn band co... field, near Manches... takes its name fro... Lancashire village... o' th' Barn. The o... liar name is explaine... only a few of which... cepted with any... earliest mention o... takes us to within... hanging of Dick... when in a newspap... 1747, an advertisem... vening a meeting... "Bessy's o' th' Barn... was of barn-like ap... kept by a good-lo... lass called "Bess"... as the inn became... call the remark wo... us go and see Bes... Another legend (c... to this effect: A m... (generally supposed... pin) was in the ha... steed in the old ba... the square in front... th' Barn Inn. The... lant steed was sa... Black Bess or Bess... it was from the exp... and its rider that t... its name.

As far back as awarded their first... competition, for on... they were, along... other bands, enga... the procession ex... nation of George I... offered for the ban... best a piece of i... The prize was aw... who for their test... save the King." T... first introduction... remarkable success... on the occasion of... the late Queen Vict... competed, playing... "Hail! Smiling M... awarded the first p... The year 1903 br... the crowning victo... ing career. At th... Championship Con... at the Crystal Pala... were successful in... sand Guinea Trop... with it for one ye... Championship of... the Colonies, a pe... every band under... victory was achiev... against over one h... bands of England... be heard in Toron... September.

Mr. Ernest Nev... contributes a vety... on Brahms to the... the "New Music I... he tries to explai... poser is so antipa...

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In the magazine called "Success" we saw announced an article entitled "Remarkable Facts about the San Francisco Earthquake," reported by Hosmer Whitfield.

Naturally, in such a high-grade journal, we looked forward with much interest to the appearance of this article. We have not the honor of being on the exchange list of "Success," and "Success" has not the pleasure of being on the exchange list of the "Argonaut." Therefore we sent ten cents for an early copy of the July number, and at once turned feverishly to Mr. Whitfield's remarkable article headed "Remarkable Facts." The first paragraph runs as follows:

The residence of John D. Spreckles, the sugar king, was situated on Van Ness avenue, and was one of the most costly and luxurious palaces in California. When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it with dynamite, Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged them not to do so.

This paragraph begins: "The residence of John D. SpreckLES." There is no "John D. SpreckLES." There is a "John D. SpreckELS."

The paragraph calls him "the Sugar King." He never was. His father, Claus Spreckels, is the "Sugar King." The paragraph goes on: "The residence of John D. Spreckles was situated on Van Ness avenue." It never was on Van Ness avenue. It is on Pacific avenue.

The paragraph continues: "When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it." It was not demolished, but is still standing. The residence of Claus Spreckels was on Van Ness avenue but was not demolished with dynamite; it is still standing, and the damage done was through fire.

The next sentence runs thus: "Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged the soldiers not to do so"—that is, not to demolish his residence with dynamite. As it was not John D. Spreckles, and as it was not demolished with dynamite, and as it was not demolished at all, and as his residence was not there, it is highly probable that Mr. Spreckles did not beg them to refrain from demolishing it. Furthermore, as John D. Spreckles had been dangerously ill for a number of weeks and was then in bed a long distance away at Pacific and Laguna streets, he probably did not kneel in prayer at Van Ness and Clay, in the midst of dynamite and fire.

Aside from these few inaccuracies we have no doubt that the paragraph is correct.

The remarkable Mr. Whitfield thus continues his "Remarkable Facts":

The night of the earthquake hundreds of horses in the stables throughout the city became unusually nervous. They pawed, kicked, neighed, and exhibited other signs of restlessness in their stalls. They seemed to want to break out and run away.

Those of us who believe that human hindsight is infinitely better than its foresight differ with Mr. Whitfield. Some of us believe that nobody knows what is going to happen. If anybody in San Francisco, in California, in the United States, or in the world knew on the 17th of April that an earthquake shock was coming on the 18th, they made no sign. The San Francisco newspapers contained on the 17th of April columns of advertise-

ments by clairvoyants, soothsayers, wahrsagerinnen, fortune tellers, spiritualistic mediums and Egyptian veiled ladies; all these prophetic freaks were ready to tell your fortune while you wait from half a dollar up, according to the amount of idiocy your mother gave you when you were born. The advertisements of these freaks spangled the San Francisco dailies on the 17th of April. On the 18th of April there were no newspapers, no advertisements, and no prophetic freaks.

Thus it is seen that human foresight—even that of the oldest and most experienced foresighters—is no good. But Mr. Whitfield evidently believes in equine foresight. He thinks that a horse can see farther into the future than a man. Perhaps he can, but the deponent doubts it. The average horse at a distance of ten feet cannot tell a bale of straw bedding from a bale of rich wheat hay. Many horses will shy at their own shadow. For Mr. Whitfield to believe that animals so low in the intellectual scale as horses—almost as low, let us say, as clairvoyants—should be able to foretell cosmic disturbances, known only to college professors and to Omnisience, speaks volumes for his credulity, but little for his think-tank.

The next paragraph in Mr. Whitfield's "Remarkable Facts" runs as follows:

I am told on the best authority that several hundred people went insane the day of the shock, while scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds.

If "several hundred people went insane the day of the shock," the fact would have developed from the pressure on the asylums. The asylums were so seriously damaged that some are still unable adequately to house the unfortunates who were already in their care at the time of the earthquake. What then has become of the "several hundred who went insane the day of the shock"? On second thoughts the answer to that is contained in Mr. Whitfield's next statement that "scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds." Probably these cured lunatics at once vacated their quarters in the insane asylums, and those who went mad on the day of the shock popped into their places.

Gladness and Sadness.

'Twas a clipping from a paper,
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage.
And I read it, every letter,
Thinking I had seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there.
But in smiling contemplation
Of the author's new creation
Rich and rare.

As I looked I knew I started;
From my lips the smile departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in uncut column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

And I thought, Come grief or pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure,
I may laugh,
But some other one is wailing,
For the tear's the smile's unfailing
Other half.

GEORGE H. TUDHOPE.

Toronto, July, 1906.

A Little Vague.

A Boston lady seeking summer board on a farm saw an advertisement giving a description of about such a place as she wanted, and sent a letter of inquiry. She received the following information as to terms: "We charge five dollars a week for men, four and a half for ladies and four dollars for children old enough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."—New York "Sun."

The Reform Fell Through.

The Man—Now, look here, Helen, we're going to run this household on a more methodical system. Everything in its place, so that we will know where everything is kept.

His Wife—Oh, how nice! Now, let's begin with your late hours, dear. I should dearly like to know where they are kept.—"Lippincott's."

Why Women Are Mystics

BY JANE CARR

THE greatest compliment that a man can pay a woman is to hint delicately that she is an enigma, a mystery, the most adorable riddle in the universe, the one enticing problem that never wearies the mathematician in the solving. And he is honest, this poor, misguided man, when he tells her that she is a puzzle, that the reason for a certain action has its depths beyond his masculine shallows, and, baffled, he sits and gazes upon her pleased smile and asks himself if there ever was another woman like her. She encourages this notion about herself, this complex, bewildering creature, and if she stoops to the subterfuge of trying to win the unsuspecting victim by the same methods, she is guilty of perjury and double deceit. For if there is one subject thoroughly grasped and comprehended and manipulated by woman, it is man. She insists that a certain man is beyond her, and, guilelessly noting his inflation, she conceals the smile at the idea of anything so simple being termed a conundrum. She knows that to him, she is a mystery, but to her is he no more of a mystery than she is to another woman. Herein lies the fascination of sex, and when the Shaws and Ibsons have reduced the Sphinx to the common, everyday level of the equation, then woman will be deprived of half her charm.

Caprice and moods are prime causes in producing the glamour, and, since they are not founded on a known basis, there is no dependence to be placed on the sex controlled by the whims of the moment. But are women more difficult to understand than men?

Have women, conscious of inferior strength, hidden themselves behind this tantalizing veil, this gossamer of idealization for the purpose of concealing their weakness? It is a secret love of adulation that creates mysteries and excites curiosity by denying the full revelation of what would in reality be very unprepossessing?

It would be interesting to trace historically the birth of the theory that woman was created to be an unanswerable riddle.

A woman belonging to the tribe of the North American Indian is a very guessable quantity, and never instills the least doubt in the minds of the braves who constitute themselves her natural guardian.

In the olden times the woman of mystery was burned as a witch, as one controlled by the spirits of the powers of darkness, and the maiden of simple ways saved her very life by the straightforwardness of her manner. But as social conditions become more complex, a woman will be regarded as a greater enigma, and, recognizing the advantage of such a position, she will cultivate all the refined arts of civilization that make her mysticism so powerful.

Perhaps science will unravel and make plain, by demonstrations that show peculiarities and differences in the nervous system, the complication in the nervous centers that mark the distinction between resolute action and restless caprice.

But this passion for mystery that woman delights in is a stumbling block in the way of her advancement, and her very incomprehensibility debars her from larger fields of action. But until we account for the illusions that may exist in nature or merely in the imagination of the male, we are certain that woman is willing to forego the privileges of the ballot in order to blind the eyes, muddle the brain and bewitch the senses of the man she loves.

Useful Information.

On the edge of a small river in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridge path to Faversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road."—New York "Tribune."

Embarrassment of Riches.

An old Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son, who has been married three times.

"Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then, with pathetic resignation, "but when a man has three mothers-in-law his own mother becomes a luxury."—"Lippincott's."

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?"
"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "it doesn't bring happiness, but it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington "Star."

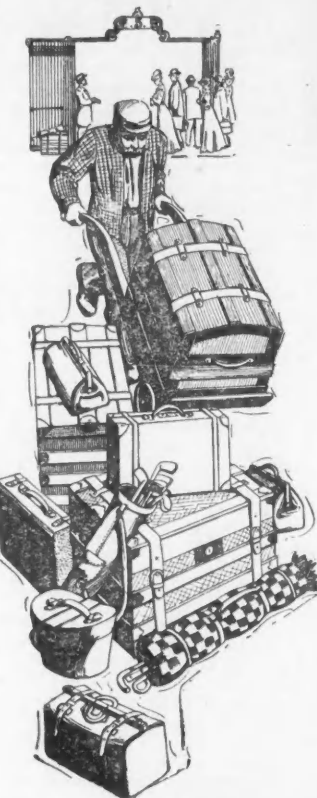
Knew His Man.

Borrow—Say, old man, lend me a ten-spot, will you?
Lenders—No, thank you, I'm not making any permanent investments just now.—Philadelphia "Press."

A Large Order.

"I warn all you boys," began the new master, with an inflated sense of his own importance and authority, "that I'll confiscate everything that anyone makes a noise with. I'll not

Some Remarkable Reductions in High-Grade Traveling Goods



It just happens that in the immense ebb and flow of Traveling Goods we have witnessed this season, we are like to be caught stock-taking time at high-tide when, by rules of storekeeping, stocks should be at the ebb. We are taking measures to break the regularity of the incoming and outgoing stocks by holding back new shipments and clearing out the several thousand dollars worth of suit cases and club bags now on hand.

Any one, therefore, who needs a really high-grade bag or case will save a large proportion of the price by buying at this store. Our goods are the best on the market and our regular prices the closest to manufacturers' cost. Regular prices, however, are now reduced, so the opportunity is really phenomenal.

Ladies' \$7.50 Club Bags, \$4.95

30 only Ladies' Club Bags, made from fine black Paris Walrus grain cowhide leather, leather lining, leather covered frame, expensive leather handle, nickel-plated lock and clasps, size 18 inch. Regular \$7.50, Monday..... **\$4.95**

French Edge Suit Cases

60 Fine Paris grain leather Suit Cases, French edge, leather lining, solid brass lock and bolts. Colors: black, London russet, olive and brown. Extra good handle, size 24 inch. Worth \$8.00, Monday..... **\$7.95**

\$5.00 Suit Cases, \$3.88

100 Grain Leather Suit Cases made on steel frame, two brass locks, leather handle, pocket and straps; colors, brown, olive and London russet, 24 inch. Worth \$5.00, Monday..... **\$3.88**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

Coca-Cola ADDS A REFRESHING RELISH TO EVERY FORM OF EXERCISE

Sold at all Founts 5¢ Carbonated in Bottles



Gentleman (to Irish ostler, who has brought out their horses)—That's my horse.
Ostler—Yes, sorr, Oi know that; but didn't know which of the two was the other gentleman's, sorr!

have industrious boys upset by the lazy ones."
Then he sat down with his hand on the cane and his fierce eye on the class.

Presently a great clattering from the far end of the room broke the silence.
The master scowled and fixed his eagle eye on an unfortunate small boy.

"Bring that here at once!" he shouted, raising his voice and the cane simultaneously.

Silence reigned while a small boy wrestled vainly with a dark object at the end of the room.

"Why don't you do as you're told?" roared the learned man. "Bring that clattering thing here at once!"
"I can't, sir," said a hesitating voice. "It's the hot-water pipe, and I can't

get it up."
Then the class sniggered and the master became engrossed in a book.
—Answers.

His Great Luck.

"Isaacstein has such a greatness of luck."
"Vot happened mit him?"
"Ven his shtore caught fire his little boy Abraham fell in der shtreet under the enchine, und der firemen vas delayed nearly halful an hour."
—Judge.

Circus Gossip.

The Tiger—I hear the elephant can't leave with the show.
The Bear—Why not?
The Tiger—They are holding his trunk for his board.—Exchange.



THE musical co-ventor have s-ous loss in for good of the brilliant virtuoso, who leave (Saturday) morning Germany, which city make his home S. Field's Canadian pup him to Dresden, in the advantage of his w.

Toronto will have judging of the quality vaunted brass bands Country of the Moth these organizations, claiming to be th-ous band in the ing been engaged to The first is the Bl-which will give conce during next week, co-day afternoon. Thei told, is as follows: 1816 there were org-musicians in the n-Queensbury, and in was started, in whic employees of the B-were members. Mr. founder of the firm, When, in 1855, this show signs of decay, took the matter in the band with the w each bandsman emplo-sult of this improv-was seen in the follo the band secured a s-Hull contest.

As far back as placed first in a con-tal Palace, when ab-bands competed. Th-wins at Belle Vue in-band gold medalists, ing years the band triumphs under Mr. North Country con-since attained some In the Jubilee year nine first, four secon-prizes, and in 1891 the championship at the seventh time in Blackpool in 1893 th-of £75 in cash and valued at £25, and in competition with in the country, the guinea challenge tro-of £40, a gold-plat-at ten guineas, and for each member of

The second band, o' th' Barn band co-field, near Mancheste-takes its name from Lancashire village o' th' Barn. The o-lar name is explained only a few of which, cepted with any earliest mention of I-takes us to within hanging of Dick T-when in a newspaper 1747, an advertisement-vening a meeting "Bessy's o' th' Barn" was of barn-like app-kept by a good-lo-lass called "Bess" as the inn became call the remark wou-us go and see Bes-Another legend (n-to this effect: A n-(generally supposed-pin) was in the hab-steed in the old bar-the square in front th' Barn Inn. The-lant steed was sa-Black Bess or Bess-it was from the exp-and its rider that th-its name.

As far back as awarded their first competition, for on they were, along other bands, enga-the procession celeb-nation of George I offered for the band best a piece of it. The prize was awa-who for their test save the King." T-first introduction t-remarkable success on the occasion of the late Queen Vict-competed, playing "Hail! Smiling M-awarded the first p-

The year 1903 br-the crowning victo-ing career. At th-Championship Cont-at the Crystal Palac-were successful in sand Guinea Trop-with it for one ye-Championship of the Colonies, a po-every band under-victory was achiev-against over one h-bands of England. be heard in Toron-September.

Mr. Ernest New-tributes a vety on Brahms to the "New Music I-he tries to explai-poser is so antipath-

Constipation, the Curse of the Nation

The Easy Way to Cure It.

Constipation is responsible for most of the ordinary ills of to-day. Upset stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, biliousness, headaches, are caused, nine times in ten, by Constipation.

Hunyadi Janos cures these troubles indirectly, because it cures Constipation. It not only makes the bowels move easily and freely—but it so strengthens and invigorates the muscles and nerves of the bowels that they soon move regularly and naturally without any further help. Hunyadi Janos is doing this the world over. It is famous for its health restoring qualities. It contains no drugs, no retching, gripping purgatives. It is a product of Nature, inimitable and perfect as everything is that Nature produces. There is only one Hunyadi Janos.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

Be Particular
about the little things you eat.
Impure salt is just as injurious as impure milk or butter.
There is one salt you can always depend upon as being absolutely pure and whole—
Windsor SALT



FOOTWEAR

Cool Enough to Welcome the Hottest Day in Summer.

Just drop in and have a look at our cool Oxfords, Tan leather or Canvas.

Some very cool Oxfords at \$2.00 pair.



H. & C. BLACHFORD,
114 Yonge Street.



WEDDING CAKES

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped safely by express to all parts of the Dominion.

CATALOGUE FREE

The Harry Webb Co.
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447 Yonge St. Toronto

Ballroom Floor in first-class condition—the best in the city. Catering the year round, everything first-class only, at

Mrs. Meyer's Parlors,
SUNNYSIDE

Telephone Park 908.

Cool Eastern Resorts.

Return fares from Toronto. Tickets now on sale, good to return until October 31. St. Andrews by the Sea, \$34.30; Charlottetown, P.E.I., \$40.95; Old Orchard, Me., \$26.00; Annapolis, \$39.50; Digby, \$38.50; Halifax, \$40.00; Sydney, Cape Breton, \$42.50. Call at the C. P. R. City Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge streets, for rates to other points, tickets, and full particulars.

ANECDOTAL

Two girls were exchanging boudoir confidences the other day. "But why have you broken your engagement?" asked one. "Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose." "Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow?" "Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassie when he was teaching me golf."

Burke Cochran tells an Irish story. "There was an Irish schoolmaster," he said, "who was examining a class in geography one day. 'Now, my lad,' he said to a clever little chap, 'tell us what latitude is.' The clever little chap smiled and winked. 'Latitude?' he said; 'oh, sir, there's none o' that in Ireland; sure the English don't allow us any, sir.'"

A good story is being told of the Lord Chief Justice of England, who at one time sang in the choir of the parish church. A woman once asked the verger to point out Sir Richard Webster, as he then was. The verger replied: "Well, ma'am, that's the vicar, and them's the curates, and I'm the verger; but as for the choir, as long as they does their dooty we don't inquire into their hantecencies!"

The other day a certain minister married a young couple from the country. The bride was really very pretty, and the young man seemed very proud of her. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom, with apparent embarrassment, asked what the fee was. "Oh, well," said the rector, "just pay me whatever you think it is worth to you." The young man looked at Dr. Houghton, and then cast an admiring glance at the bride. "Shure," said he, "I'm no millyunaire."

An old maid who had been sitting in the front part of the car, and who had been giving the conductor considerable annoyance on account of a very fuzzy and very dirty little dog which she persisted in allowing to sit on the seat, stepped down briskly at the corner, called in a loud voice that she wanted a transfer, and that she had asked for it about a dozen times. Everybody tried to hear, and amid a hush the conductor cried out to her, "Two, madam?" A roar of laughter greeted the sally.

Patrick and Michael were crossing the ocean on their way to America. All went well the first half of the voyage. One day, however, Pat became ill and died. The usual preparations for burial at sea were made, and in place of leaden weights, which had been lost, chunks of coal were substituted. The remains were finally ready for the last sad rites, and long and earnestly did Mike look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully: "Well, Pat, Oi always knew ye were goin' there, but Oi'm dunned if Oi thought they'd make yer bring yer own coal."

A Pike county girl married a guide, and the day after the wedding the guide took out a life policy of \$1,500. Then, with his wife, he started for Porter's Lake with a party of sportsmen, the wife to cook and wash dishes, the man to clean fish and so on. Unfortunately the young guide was bitten by a rattlesnake one morning, and a few days afterward he died. The widow notified her family and friends of his death in a note that said: "Bill parst away yistidy. Loss fully covered by insurance."

A merry party, being gathered in a city flat, made such a racket that the occupant of a neighboring apartment sent his servant down with a polite message, asking if it would be possible for the party to make less noise, since, as the servant announced, "Mr. Smith says that he cannot read." "I am very sorry for Mr. Smith," replied the host. "Please present my compliments to your master, say that I am sorry he cannot read, and tell him I could when I was four years old!"

"So you're going to be married, Jennie?" said the village philanthropist to one of her favorites. "Yes, mum," said Jenny, all smiles and blushes, "the wedding day is fixed, and we are looking forward to a happy and prosperous future." "Well, my girl, I trust you realize what it means. I hope your young man is careful and has saved up a little money to set up housekeeping." "Oh, yes, mum; he's been most careful about 'aving somethin' to fall back upon in case of a rainy day. Why, mum," she went

on, with an air of conscious pride, "I've got a pair of ornaments and Bill, why, Bill? got a clock what he won for runnin' I think me and my young-man are very lucky. We ain't got nothing to fear."

W. H. Pigg, who has started an elk ranch at Freshwater, Col., was showing his herd of elk to a party of Eastern capitalists. "I am sure you will succeed in this venture, Pigg," said a brother. "You are a persevering man, and perseverance always brings success." Mr. Pigg laughed. "I am persevering," he admitted, "and I believe in perseverance. At the same time I don't rate it as high, sir, as you do. Perseverance without intelligence is nothing. A hen can sit on a china egg, but there will be no result."

At a recent trial in Kentucky the jury rendered the following verdict: "Wee the jury agree and find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment and sess his fined at 100 dollars. Isaac Clouse." On objection to this as no verdict, the court said: "We think it expresses—though only phonetically—the intention of the jury so that no one could be mistaken in regard to it." The ruling was evidently based on Lewis Carroll's maxim: "Take care of the sounds, and the sense will take care of itself."

This story is told of a lady prominent in London society. She lives in a fashionable West End locality and seldom takes an omnibus. But she did the other day. On approaching the street near her house, she said to the conductor, "Stop on this side of the street." The conductor rang the bell, but it was too late, and the bus kept right on to the opposite corner. She was very indignant, and put her indignation into warm words, winding up with, "I am Mrs. Blank." The conductor, nothing abashed, replied, "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Blank. I'm Tom Jackson."

Mr. Charles Hawtreay is at present playing "The Man From Blankley's" in London. One of his latest stories which he narrates at the dinner table in Mr. Anstey's popular play deals with bridge. The head of a family whose lives are entirely given up to bridge dies, and the consultation which nowadays seems necessary as to the right and proper form of burial takes place. "What do you think should be the form of interment?" said the brother-in-law, whose mind was divided between cremation and the ordinary form of burial. "I leave it to you," said the widow weeping bitterly. "I'll go spades," said the relative. And spades it was.

Some twenty years ago, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—then in the forties—occupied the post of President of the Board of Trade in the Gladstone Cabinet of the day, he suddenly appeared in the House of Commons in decorous pin-neck. Whether the frailty of single eye-glass appeared to him to be out of place in the case of a Cabinet Minister, or whether he was simply assaying an experiment, no one knoweth. The almost stupefied House, however, was not long confronted with this unusual spectacle. After a brief struggle with his new optical glass, the right honorable gentleman reverted to suddenly to his old love, to which he has remained constant ever since.

In the staging of one of his early plays a friend accompanied "Joe" Jefferson to a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the center of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil on the troubled waters, Mr. Jefferson sat calmly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer. "Good lord, Jefferson," he cried, in an excited aside, "this will ruin your play! Why don't you interfere? You could settle matters if you only would!" Mr. Jefferson shook his head with a gravity that completely veiled the twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied, soberly, "the Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."

Wells Hawkes, now one of the big men in the Frohman theatrical organization, and James McDonough, who has also sought other pursuits, were reporters together on the old Baltimore "Herald." Hawkes, by virtue of a year in the newspaper business, took McDonough under his protecting care, for Hawkes was next to the city editor and enjoyed that autocrat's confidence. When McDonough had been striving as a journalist for six months he sought out Hawkes and said: "Wells, I have been in this business for six months, and I have been getting along all right, but I want to ask you your advice about something. I am not getting enough pay. I am behind with my board-bill, and I don't know what to do." "Oh," said Hawkes, looking down from his lofty position, "don't be discouraged! Keep right along and you will soon get the rewards." "But," insisted McDonough, "I would like to know where I am coming out. Would you, as a personal favor, so I can get an

idea of what I may hope for, tell me what your salary is?" Hawkes hesitated. It was a capital crime to tell a salary. McDonough pleaded. He wanted to know what he might expect when he reached the prominence of Hawkes, if he ever could attain that dizzy position. "Well," said Hawkes, "if you will never breathe it to a soul, and merely so you won't be discouraged, I will tell you what I am getting." He paused dramatically. McDonough listened breathlessly. "I have been exceptionally fortunate," Hawkes declared. "I am now getting eight dollars a week." "Holy Moses!" screamed McDonough. "I am getting thirteen a week myself!"

Many to Select From.

The best-known ladies' shoe in Canada to-day is the Dolly Varden. although it is but a short time since the first Dolly Varden was opened on St. Catherine street in Montreal. Selling at the same price in both Canada and the United States, the Dolly Varden has given to the ladies of Canada the opportunity which they have longed for. Few retail shoe dealers grow enthusiastic over the importation of American shoes, and they only stock a few spare styles, but in the Dolly Varden boot shop at 110 Yonge street all the prevailing styles are shown in all sizes. And \$4 and \$3.50 a pair—just think of it!

The Outside Agent In Golf

THE operation of what are known as "agencies outside the match" is a distinctive feature of golf. Other games of ball are played in more or less confined spaces where the possibility of outside interference with the progress of the game is reduced to a minimum. But in golf, which is played practically in the open country, there are endless possibilities of abnormal occurrences. And, indeed, the records of the game are full of the extraordinary experiences of the golfer. In this connection G. G. Smith writes entertainingly in the London "Tatler." He says: The mysterious way that balls have of disappearing in perfectly open country, their perverse behavior in flight, and their undoubted predilection for seeking out hazards and missing the shortest putts lends further color to the idea of demoniacal possession. Such things cannot be explained on any rational or scientific grounds, and I feel sure that this metaphysical side of golf offers a rich field for investigation and will ultimately revolutionize golfing instruction.

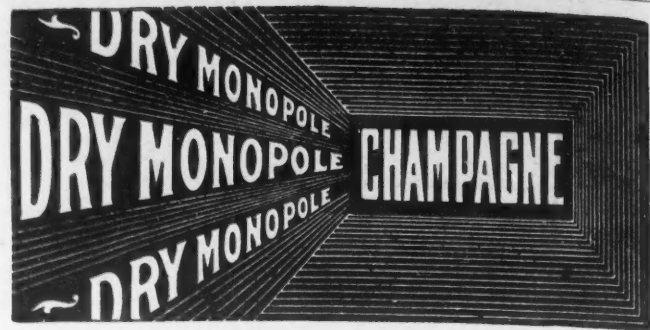
This, however, is a digression, and my present purpose is not with the occult but with the natural, everyday "outside agencies," whose behavior is hardly less disconcerting to the golfer. Reptiles, insects, and even fish have been known to affect the course of a game.

Let anyone should wonder how a fish could become "an outside agent" in a golf match I will give an incident in the words of a correspondent to "Golf Illustrated": "A friend of mine was driving across a river—a fine, low shot which just skimmed the water at the other side. A salmon leaped and caught the ball, but such was its impetus that both ball and salmon were carried high and dry on to the opposite bank. He did not tell me the weight of the salmon but I fancy it was a thumper. It was a bad lie, too."

Not many months ago at Manchester a frog was the means of raising a problem to which the rules of golf offer no very satisfactory solution. A match was approaching a hole, and one of the players played his ball from about 25 yd. The ball was well played and trickled slowly across the green and disappeared in the hole. But almost immediately it reappeared on the grass, and it was followed by a large frog which made off without waiting to express his apologies. The question was whether the ball was to be considered as holed out or not, and I do not think the point has ever been satisfactorily settled. The Rules Committee would probably say that in places where there are frogs they should be made the subject of a local rule. The subject of local rules, however, is another story.

Cows are the heroines of many golfing yarns, but in most cases their influence on the game appears to be of a beneficent nature. A ball was played beyond the putting green in the direction of a grazing cow. The animal saw it coming and kicked out vigorously with its hind leg and with such precision that she holed the ball.

There is an ancient cow chestnut of British origin which has been going the round of the world's press for the last ten years. It is a great favorite in the States, and wherever a judge takes to golf this story is trotted out with the new golfing celebrity as the hero. Here is an example from an American newspaper. "Judge Harrison has been smitten with the golfing microbe and is shaping well. Last week he played a match against Senator Bowles for \$10, and at the sixth hole a cow picked up the senator's ball. The senator gave chase, and catching the cow by the tail belabored its sides with his club till they reached the putting green. Here the cow dropped the ball, and the senator holding out the putt claimed to have done the



COLEMAN'S WINCARNIS

A Delicious Beverage and Tonic made from Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt. Absolutely invaluable after an illness.

OVER 8000 DOCTORS

have testified to its wonderful recuperative properties.

CHARLES R. C. TICHBORNE, Esq., F.C.S., says:—Coleman's "Wincarnis" must be a powerful restorative, as it consists of a stimulant combined with the extracts of cereals and meat in a concentrated form. I have no doubt that it will be found invaluable and capable of easy assimilation.

Agent: W. H. LEE, King Edward Drug Stores, Toronto.

THE BEST OF ALL RESTORATIVES



PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."

BEETHAM'S "Larola"

SOOTHING and REFRESHING

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.)

SOLE MAKERS: M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.

hole in two strokes. 'Not so,' said the judge. 'You played one stroke first, then you had twelve on the cow, and one putt; I guess that's 14.' The senator is referring the case to the green committee."

Euthanasia.

One doctor called it liver.
Another called it lung.
One labored to disfigure
A cancer on his tongue.

One recommended mountains,
Another spoke of springs.
Of Carlsbad's bubbling fountains
And other costly things.

Though anguish racked him dourly
He never knew the worst.
Physicians came in hourly,
(Their bills came on the First.)

And when the nostrum dealers
No more he could endure,
He pinned his faith to "healers"
And absent-minded cure.

Electric treatments funny
Squeezed many fees from him.
"Vibrators" pinched his money,
Massagists pulled his limb.

At last a doctor saintly
Applied mud-plasters warm,
Whereat the patient faintly
Waived, "Pass the chloroform!"

"To dreamless, cheap aphasia
I fain would flutter hence—
Please give me Euthanasia
And save this dumb expense!"

W. I. in "Life."

Harry N. Pillsbury.

The news of the death of Harry N. Pillsbury, who held for years the title of chess champion of America, is accompanied by most remarkable accounts of the phenomenal memory which made possible his success. The Boston "Herald" has collected some of these, from which we quote:

In exhibitions he would play from twelve to twenty-two games of chess blindfolded, the latter figure being the number of boards at one exhibition at Moscow, Russia, three years ago, the record exhibition of the kind. He would instead of tables at chess, include some of checkers, a game in

which he was one of the world's experts, or would take a hand at whist, in which he was also proficient, and while playing whist would play eight or ten boards of chess or checkers, or both.

Another field in which he exhibited was in memory feats. A reader would slowly recite once, say, one hundred nonsense syllables from a list, when he would recite them back from memory, in any desired order, as from the last to the first, or first to last, or from the middle of the lists to the ends, etc. The "knight's move" problems were among his striking feats, as, blindfolded, he would move the chess knight from any designated square and finish at any square desired, touching in the mean while every square on the board once, and once only.

He always said, in response to the inquiry as to how he did it, that he "didn't know," except that in memorizing anything he unconsciously arranged the data in a symmetrical order and was never at a loss to find it in his mental picture. He always claimed that these feats were no more of a mental strain to him than the memorizing of a few street numbers or telephone numbers, done unconsciously by most of us, was to the average citizen.

Although he acquired the highest honors at an early age, he was never spoiled by them, nor had he any of the eccentricities or affectations common to great players. Always ready to assist other players with his advice and keen analysis, and disclaiming the miserable haggling over match stakes which mars the career of some of the present great players, Mr. Pillsbury has been regarded as a veritable Bayard of the chess arena and his death means the loss of one who has upheld the best traditions of the game. Although he never technically won the world's championship, now held by Edmund Lasker, he has several times defeated the latter in tournament play and offhand games.

Stopped Him.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?"
"Yes, I believe he would."
"Oh, joy! I—"
"Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."—Cleveland "Leader."

A HOME BY TOM

Q ID you ever
girl in you
Dick C
head em
direction

who was walking
nis court. It
afternoon at a
The two frien
separable, had
couple of weeks
were both tall, ha
plenty of money
as this may seem

"She certainly
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my boy, we didn't
We came for a re

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I don't have to c
thing like that."

"What should yo
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"Yes, Propriet
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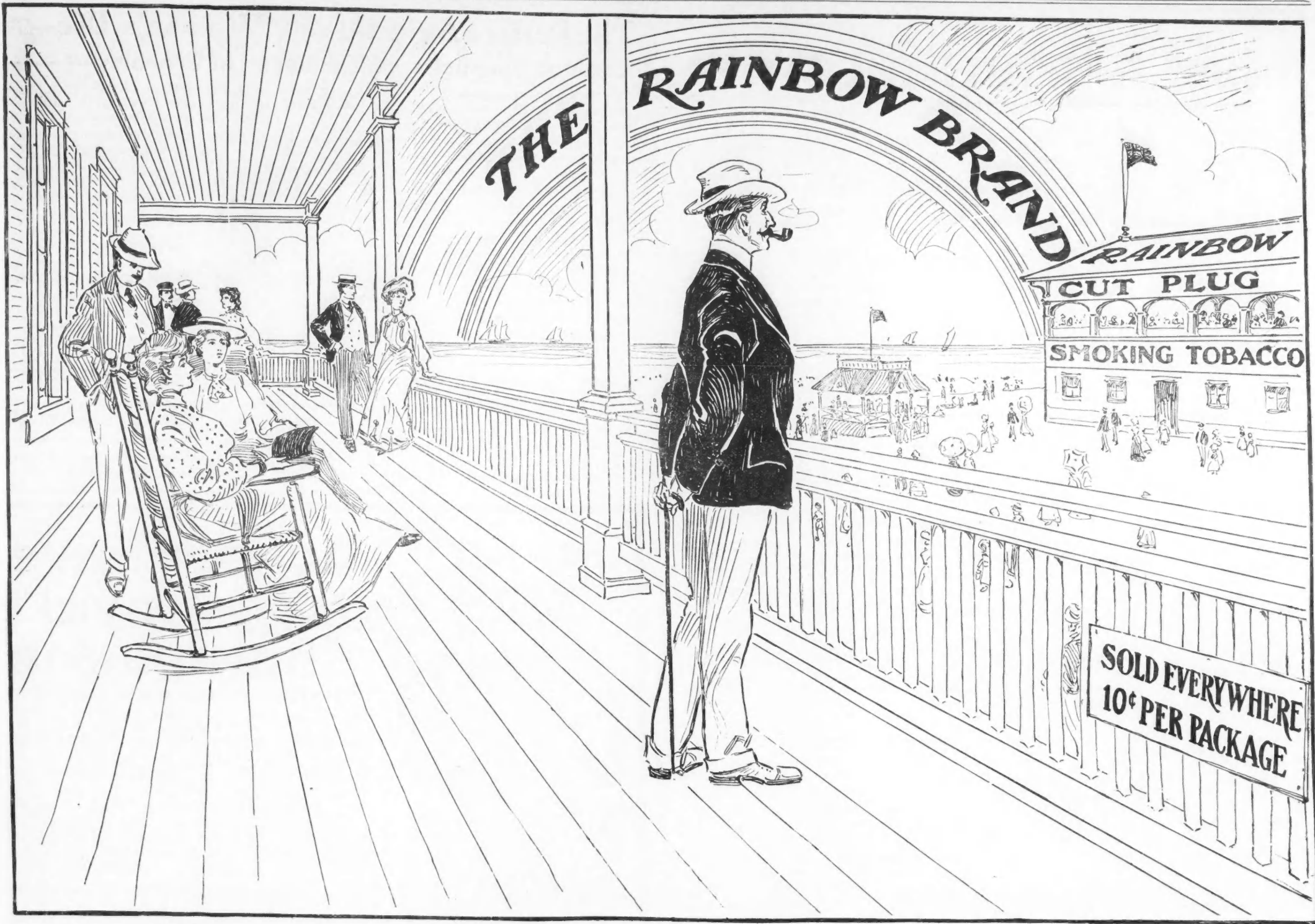
"Yes—she is—
But when you g
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Another day
now met her."
"By the way,
acquainted, did
Crabbe? How do

"Well, I must
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has a sweet smi
she speaks, did
eyes light up?"

"Yes—good e
"Her figure
thought it was,
"Well—no."

The next day
hour the two f
gether.
"I see, Billy,
out for a walk
"Yes, Pretty
Weren't you o
this afternoon?"
"Well—yes."
"I thought
hasn't she?"



A HOMELY GIRL

BY TOM MASSON

DO you ever see a homelier girl in your life?"

Dick Culver nodded his head emphatically in the direction of a young woman who was walking across the tennis court. It was a drowsy afternoon at a mountain resort. The two friends, always inseparable, had wandered there for a couple of weeks' vacation. They were both tall, handsome chaps with plenty of money and—extraordinary as this may seem—good habits.

"She certainly is not much on looks," replied Billy Trent. "Well, my boy, we didn't come here to flirt. We came for a rest."

"And if that's a fair sample, I guess we'll get it all right. I must say that she's a poor specimen. Glad I don't have to chase around with a thing like that."

"What should you say was the matter with her?"

"Well, just analyze it and see. She certainly isn't much on figure. She has hair, but it's the thin, wavy kind—no style about it. As for her face—from the distance, it certainly isn't prepossessing. And, apparently, she's the only girl here."

"Never mind. We can fish."

Twenty-four hours later the two friends again sat in the same place.

"I saw you talking with that homely girl, Billy."

"Yes. Proprietor's wife introduced us. Why didn't you come up?"

"She's too homely for me. I draw the line."

"Yes—she is—no doubt about that. But when you get near and look at her closely, you don't mind it so much. She has a rather sweet smile."

Another day passed. Dick had now met her.

"By the way," said Billy, "you got acquainted, didn't you, with Miss Crabbe? How do you like her?"

"Well, I must confess I was agreeably disappointed. As you said, she has a sweet smile. And then, when she speaks, did you notice how her eyes light up? Nice eyes."

"Yes—good eyes."

"Her figure isn't so bad as I thought it was, is it?"

"Well—no."

The next day at about the same hour the two friends again sat together.

"I see, Billy, you had Miss Crabbe out for a walk this morning."

"Yes, pretty intelligent girl, that. Weren't you out rowing with her this afternoon?"

"Well—yes. Talks rather well."

"I thought so. Pleasant way, hasn't she?"

"Very. Strikes me that she has a sweet disposition."

"So I thought. Do you know. I rather like the way she dresses—a style of her own."

"I don't know but I do, too. Love-ly teeth."

"Bully! How animated her face is when she talks."

"Isn't it? Never get tired looking at it."

"Nor I. By the way, are you going to take her to walk to-morrow morning?"

"I thought perhaps I would."

"In that case I'll take her in the afternoon," apologetically. "In a place like this there's really nothing much else to do."

"That's so, in the same tone. 'We must have some amusement.'"

For the next week the two friends did not see very much of each other. They were pretty busy. But so honorable were they that the division of their time with the homely Miss Crabbe was tacitly understood.

One evening, however, they stood together once more, both looking solemnly into the crystal lake, where the beams from the old moon flickered wistfully.

"Old man," said Billy, "I haven't seen much of you lately."

"No." He turned and looked his friend full in the face. "I suppose," he said, "that I might as well own up. The fact is, I'm in love—with Miss Crabbe."

"So am I."

"I knew it. Sweetest, loveliest girl I ever met. Isn't she?"

"She certainly is."

Dick's voice wavered.

"This morning," he said, "I asked her to marry me and, by Jove! she turned me down."

Billy's voice also wavered.

"Pretty tough, old man," he said. "This afternoon I did the same thing, and she turned me down."

He put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I guess we'll have to live it down," he said. "But do you know what the matter is?"

"You mean—"

Billy nodded.

"Yes," he replied softly, "that's it, old fellow. The fact is that girl is altogether too good for either of us!"—"Life."

The Englishman in the Colonies.

The blunders perpetrated in conversation by the English visitor to the "Colonies" are often mentioned in Canadian and Australian novels. The use of the term "colonials" is the most common of those betises and among the most irritating. Perhaps the worst of all was committed by a young Balliol man who, being asked to address a meeting of ranchers on the subject of "Preference," began his speech with the words:

"Gentlemen—and you who do not profess to be gentlemen."

But he was allowed to finish his speech. Another young Englishman, a Free Trader, made a speech on the same subject, in the course of which he quoted the utterances of certain dukes whom he professed to know intimately. Next day a small boy stopped him and asked: "How's the duke?" "What duke?" was the Englishman's reply. "Any duke," said the boy, and then departed swiftly and silently. Canadians—and also Americans—often prefer "No, sir," to a plain "No"; so that the negative may be less abrupt and more emphatic. "Please don't 'sir' me," said a well-meaning English tourist to a Canadian statesman, "social distinctions ought to be forgotten over here."

It is seldom that these blunders are resented; generally they are forgiven at once, though never forgotten.—London "Post."

A Horse's Good Fortune.

A spiritualist came to our house some time ago and claimed to be able to locate our lost friends if we

desired. We had an old horse which we had sold years ago, and my mother wanted to know where he was. Mother began:

"We had a very good friend who always did all our work. He passed from us several years ago and the last we heard of him was that he was in Los Angeles. I would like to know if he is still living."

The spiritualist made certain motions and knocked on the table, and then said:

"Your friend is in Los Angeles and is married to a rich young woman."—"Judge's Magazine of Fun."

A Particular Point.

"We are not yet ready to put your book on the market," said the publisher to the ambitious author.

"But it is printed, illustrations and all," argued the author. "Why don't you go ahead and bind it, and?"

"There's the trouble. The fashion experts have not yet decided what is to be the popular shade this fall, and we certainly do not want to risk binding the book in a color that will clash with the gown of the lady who is reading it, do we?"—"Judge."



ON THE R. R.

Conductor—We're due at Middleport at four o'clock.
Mrs. O'Toole—An phwat toime do yez get there? —"Life."

CANADIAN POLITICAL STANDARDS

IT is queer commentary on our politics and our standards of political honesty that at present in Canada there is scarcely an ex-Cabinet Minister who retains the confidence of the people. Almost every man who has passed through the Cabinet ranks has either been guilty of misconduct or has winked at the misconduct of others to such an extent that he is mistrusted. Not only is he not regarded with gratitude for his public service, but he is condemned for his lack of sterling integrity—that integrity which is incompatible with wrong either in himself or his colleagues.

There are exceptions to this statement of course. So far as I know, the Hon. J. W. Longley, ex-Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, is a man without a stain upon his record though he was undoubtedly partisan in his political methods. Sir William Meredith, ex-leader of the Ontario Opposition, has a blameless record. Mr. Haultain, ex-Premier of the North-West Territories, seems to be a man against whom no direct or indirect charge can be made. So one may speak of Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Hon. Edward Blake, the late Hon. Peter White, Sir Louis Davies, the late Hon. David Mills, the late Sir John Thompson and a few others.

Nevertheless the exceptions do not affect the general rule that most of our public men have maintained but a low standard of public conduct. They have held office with men who were guilty of political offences for which they should have been punished; they have helped to reward men who have committed political wrong; they have stood by and seen the Civil Service filled with men who were incompetent or worse; they have profited by gerrymanders and ill-gotten campaign funds; they have tolerated public extravagance, class legislation and the alienation of public moneys and franchises; they have retained public office when decency and the public interest would have been better served by resignation.

This is not to say that these men have not performed great public services. They have loved their country and had faith in her future and contributed something to her advancement. They have been amenable to public opinion and have governed their country in a general way as the people desired it to be governed. Yet they have passed out of public life without the laurel wreath of universal admiration and commendation.

Consequently we have few political heroes.

When did a member of either a Provincial or Federal Cabinet ever resign his office rather than countenance unfair political methods, or unjust administration or legislation? When did a politician denounce his party because its campaign funds and the public patronage were improperly used? There have been private protests no doubt, but they are not sufficient to protect a statesman's reputation. History is apt to overlook private protests.

Canadian politics and Canadian public life need a new standard of conduct. We need a few men who are willing to become martyrs on behalf of public integrity and honesty in political methods.

One great step in that direction will be the abolition of all political patronage by means of more rigid and comprehensive Civil Service Acts. At least this is the administrative lesson which one learns from a study of the political history of Great Britain and the United States—"Canadian Magazine" for June.

Perfectly Normal.

A journalist visited an insane asylum to get material for an article, and was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head.

"And what are you in here for, my man?" asked the journalist at length.

Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily.

"I'll tell you if you'll keep it dark," he said, lowering his voice. "I have a mania for swearing. I write 'cuss-words' all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man just to follow me round and rub 'em out. But," coming a little closer, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm four 'damns' ahead of him and I've got 'hell' written all over your back!"—"Lippincott's."

It Is to Laugh!

A little four-year-old, who had been carefully taught that God made everything, was out walking with her mother. They came upon a large wart-covered toad in the pathway. "Mamma," she asked, "did God make that toad?"

"Why, of course He did."

"Oh, then," she cried, "how He must have laughed when He got it done!"—"Lippincott's."

In Society?

"Gracious," said the hostess, "you are on time!"

"Yes," said the guest, "punctuality is my besetting virtue."—"Lippincott's."

Living in the Open Air

is unnecessary--if you have electric wires in your house. Electric lights consume no oxygen--do not impoverish the air. It is always fresh in your room.

ELECTRIC FANS

disperse a delicious breeze--evenly and noiselessly. There is no humming and no direct draft upon the sleeper. We have spared no efforts or expense in fitting up our show-rooms with the most up-to-date Fans and Electric Fixtures, and Consumers of Current may have the benefit of our assortment at reasonable prices.

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Feet that are tender, feet that are sore, feet that are aching need pain you no more. Just see DR. BLANCHARD--and before you're aware, your bunions will vanish, your corns be nowhere.

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Sherlock Holmes Outdone

"A beautiful woman with a soft, cooing voice, appealing eyes, and a ready command of flattering words, visited my husband's office yesterday."

"Goodness! Are you having him watched?"

"No, I would scorn to do such a thing."

"Then how do you know about the woman?"

"He brought home a book last night that he said he had bought for five dollars from an agent, and there's nothing in it but poems by a man named Byron."

Crowded Out.

An editor at a dinner-table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction:

"Owing to the crush of other matter, we are unable to find room for this contribution."

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prescott and Miss Prescott of Huron street left home on Tuesday to attend the wedding of Dr. F. W. Marlow, F.R.C.S., and Miss Florence Walton, youngest daughter of Mrs. Helena Walton of Thorold.

Miss Muriel Armstrong, who has been studying vocal music under Mr. Pigott, has returned home to Arran prior for the vacation. During the past season she has been one of the belles at many smart functions.

On Wednesday, July 11, the wedding took place, at the Church of Christ, Toronto, of Miss Clare McCullough, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James McCullough, to Dr. Victor Corse Thorne of New York. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Van Horn performed the ceremony, after which Dr. and Mrs. Thorne left for an extended trip through the Lower Provinces and Eastern States before taking up their residence in New York city.

Over two hundred accepted the kind invitation of the officers of the Waterloo County Golf and Country Club to the inaugural picnic, held on the grounds on Saturday afternoon last. A more ideal spot could hardly be found. Among the many present from the surrounding towns were: Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Dr. Vardon, Rev. Dean Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jaffray, Mrs. James Warnock, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Todd, Mr. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. R. Warnock, Miss Perry, the Misses Easton of Galt; Mr. and Mrs. W. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Weaver, Hespeler; Mr. and Mrs. Honning, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Mr. Pattinson, M.P., Miss Pattinson, Mrs. Goodall, Mr. George Clare, M.P., Mrs. Clare of Preston; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brethaupt, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, Major and Mrs. Davis, Miss Margaret Roos, Dr. Wallace, Miss Jackson, Mr. A. E. Erb, of Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hespeler, Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. Somerville, Waterloo. This promises to be a very popular resort, and when the new club-house is built, will be one of the finest in the Province. The electric cars run about every half hour, and stop at the entrance.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has a fine portrait of Professor Goldwin Smith in hand, which looks as if it would turn out a very good likeness of the Sage of the "Grange."

Mr. and Mrs. D'Orsay, 435 Spadina avenue, are spending two weeks at Milford Bay, Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Wilhelmina Touchbourne, youngest daughter of the late Richard Touchbourne, Lindsay, to Dr. William J. Brown, Lindsay, took place quietly on Tuesday.

Miss Cosgrave and Miss Kathleen Cosgrave have returned from Rochester.

Mrs. G. P. Sharkey and her little daughter of 38 Sussex avenue are spending a few weeks at The Penetanguishene, Penetang, Ont.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece, Miss Eva Smallpiece, Mrs. W. J. Elliott, Miss Mary O'Byrne, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Carruthers, Mr. R. B. Elgie, Mr. W. R. Folis, Mrs. W. T. Mason, Miss Bertha Mason, Miss M. Thornburn, Miss Thornburn, Mrs. H. Kallmeyer, Miss Kallmeyer, all of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Turley of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. B. W. Bond of Wallace, Idaho, Mrs. Frank Willard Smith of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. W. A. Code of Elgin, Man., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ard of South River, Miss Hazel H. Baker of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moyer of St. Catharines, Mr. A. C. Patrick and Mr. James Currie of Orkney.

Our Atlantic Service

It is rarely that the fastest ocean steamships show their best form upon a maiden voyage, but it must be a satisfaction to her owners that the "Empress of Ireland" has marked their entrance into the trans-atlantic mail service by making the record twenty-four hours run of 460 knots on the Canadian route, says the Montreal "Herald." The "Empress of Britain" managed 452 knots upon her maiden trip. The Allan turbines "Victorian" and "Virginian" have made better runs this year than they did when fresh from the builders' hands, the latter vessel having made over 400 knots daily on her last eastward voyage and in one twenty-four hours run accomplished 447 knots.

While it is true that the Canadian route to-day has no such greyhounds as run under the German and French flags to New York, we have made greater progress latterly than has any British line carrying the mail to the principal United States port. The "Campania," which accomplished a

The Perfect Auto for any Woman's Use--The Acme of Simplicity, of Handiness, of Economy

The Waverley makes no demands on one's patience, none on one's mechanical knowledge,--it is automobiling reduced to its simplest, most cleanly terms. With one charging of the batteries, made wherever there is electric light, made for merely nominal cost, you can travel forty miles in a Waverley.

With a quarter hour's instruction, any woman who can drive the safest, gentlest of horses, can operate a Waverley Electric more easily, and with greatly more real safety, more comfort and less effort than will manage any horse whatever.

Noiseless travel,--that alone commends this as supremely the car to please a woman. Noiseless and cleanly,--no odor, no chug-chug,--simply silent, smooth-running motion with the speed always under absolute control by the pull of a lever at one's left hand. It is an ideal vehicle

for shopping tours,--so manageable in crowded streets, so safe. Women use it, too, for calling rounds, for jaunts to the country club,--for any use to which the

suffice to purchase even a second-rate gasoline motor car. But the cost of buying is the least consideration,--the Waverley Electric costs less to operate, less to maintain.

May we send you some facts about this perfect vehicle for women's use? Please address your request to us.

Capable demonstrators are at your service if you care to call at the garage for a personal inspection of the Waverley. There is, of course, no charge for such demonstration.

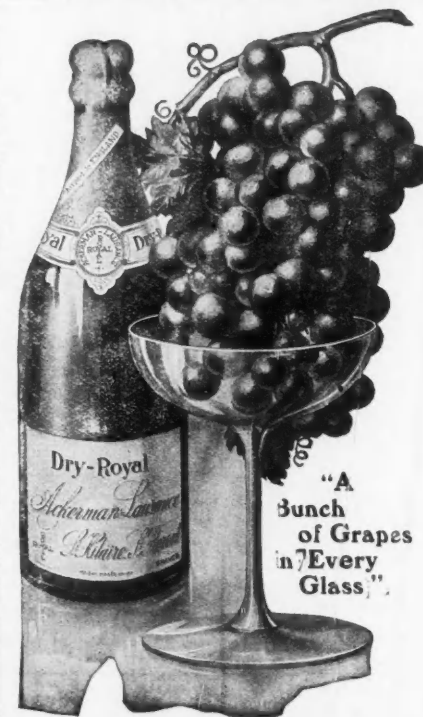


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horse was put and for many the horse cannot serve half so conveniently.

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Ackerman's "Dry-Royal" Champagne

will cost you just about one half of the so-called fashionable Wines and you will find it fully as good.

Lord Aberdeen when he was Governor-General of Canada used nearly 600 Cases at Government House during his four years' term of office. Whether for Health or Merriment you are getting full value for your money when you buy "DRY-ROYAL." Shipped by ACKERMAN-LAURANCE, ST. HILAIRE, ST. FLOR-ENT, FRANCE.

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is sure to be in G. B. Chocolates. Made in 99 different styles of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts--and put up in many different styles of boxes.

Every chocolate is stamped "G.B." and every box contains a full 1/4, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds of Chocolates. 35 Years' Experience.

Peace on Both Sides.

A travelling salesman died suddenly in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and some of his friends telegraphed to the undertaker an order to make a large wreath. Investigation showed that the telegram ordering the wreath read as follows:

"Rest in peace," on both sides of the ribbon; if there should be room: "We shall meet in heaven."

The undertaker was out of town, and the new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, and it bore the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."--"Judge's Magazine of Fun."

Inclusive.

Miss Coldart--No; I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you.

Mr. Nervey--But if you are not--Miss Coldart--I said all our family.--"Catholic Standard."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ARMSTRONG--Toronto, July 9, Mrs. John Armstrong, a son.
MEAD--Toronto, July 10, Mrs. Robert E. Mead, a son.

Marriages.

BLEWETT--WOODSWORTH--Toronto, July 11, Clara M. Woods-

worth, B.A., to Rev. George J. Blewett, B.A., Ph.D.
FOWLER--DUNCAN--Toronto, July 11, Janett Daisy Duncan to J. B. Fowler.
THORNE--McCULLOUGH--Toronto, July 11, Clara McCullough to Dr. Victor Corse Thorne.

Deaths.

CROMWELL--Toronto, July 9, Mrs. Sarah Frances Cromwell, aged 84 years.
BOWER--Toronto, July 10, J. W. Bower, aged 64 years.
KIRKPATRICK--Toronto, July 9, John Kirkpatrick, M.D., M.R.C.S.
MERRITT--Toronto, July 8, Thomas Merritt, aged 53 years.
McINTOSH--Brantford, July 8, Andrew McIntosh, aged 90 years.

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Grist Fro

Dominion Day at Grimsby Park was somewhat over, the day truly ideal for a sun. The good people of Missionary Alliance with a morning nine o'clock the swarm in, and whirled--about eleven o'clock had reached as numbers were hour or so was special greetings, and baskets had been of their contents, livered by the le this family organ

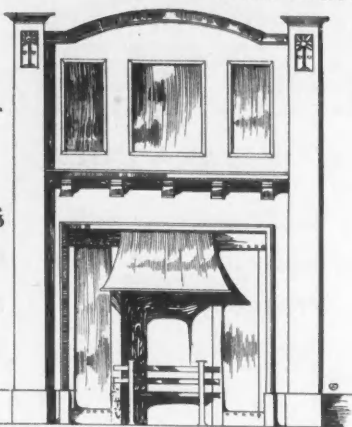
The services of Missionary Alliance tended by the To they remained, a good congregation various speakers of the services, should the weather orable, promises to ever held in Cana

At the Lakeview A. H. Simpson, Mrs. Stevens, Rev. Miss Chown, Mrs. T. Fredburgh, Mr. Stanley Bartlett, Rev. J. Salmon, M. Palmer, all of To ber of others from and the States. are Mr. W. E. M. Robinson, Mrs. and Mrs. Hill, M. James Ashworth, Clain, Mr. W. W. Cox, Mr. John Collins, Miss May P. Webb, Mr. C. Mr. W. H. Parr, Mr. H. P. Carp Jones, Miss K. Clemens, Mr. and

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Society at the Capital

GOLF has been the all-absorbing topic of interest in social circles recently, and every day last week saw large numbers of interested onlookers congregated at the links to watch the progress of the championship match, which resulted in the victory of Mr. G. S. Lyon of Toronto.

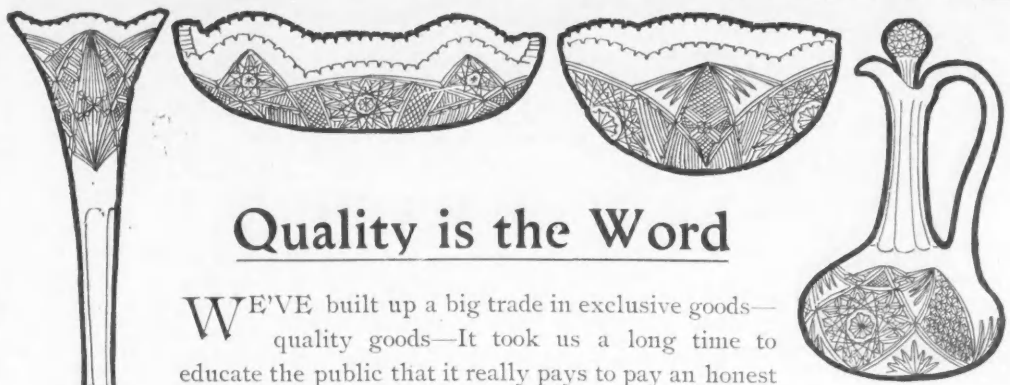
On Wednesday afternoon the president of the Dominion Golf Association, Mr. George H. Perley, and Mrs. Perley were at home to the members of the Golf Club, the visiting golfers and Ottawa society in general, and, although a great many familiar faces were missed from the bright scene, owing to so many of the Capital's four hundred being out of town for the summer, yet those who have not yet been tempted away by the cool breezes of sea and mountain availed themselves of this inviting method of spending a most enjoyable afternoon in the country. Indeed, the day proved to be decidedly on the chilly side, and in most cases pretty summer toilettes were cast aside in favor of smart tailored gowns of tweed or broadcloth, the hostess herself receiving in a pretty costume of grey cloth, with hat of grey mohair, trimmed with pink roses and light blue ostrich tips. His Excellency Lord Grey, who, although not an enthusiastic player, takes a great deal of interest in the game, was among the guests, and brought with him Lady Sibyl Grey, Miss Howard, and Captain Trotter, A.D.C., all of whom were much interested in the match throughout. At the conclusion of the afternoon's play, dainty refreshments were served in the ballroom of the Club House, where the table was exquisitely decorated with quantities of American Beauties and ferns, and congenial friends formed merry little groups on the spacious verandahs surrounding the Club House. A large number of members of Parliament were among the guests, and a preponderance of the sterner sex was a pleasant feature of the afternoon, all the visiting golfers from Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, etc., being present.

Another bright event in connection with the golf match was a dinner on Thursday evening, given by the same genial host, Mr. G. H. Perley, as a pleasant wind-up to the exciting competition. Sixty guests, including all the visiting golfers, sat down to a well-arranged repast in the large and very artistic dining-room in the Club House, the table being prettily decorated with dainty pink and white carnations and ferns, and an excellent menu being provided.

The daily flitting to the seaside or country still continues, and the close of Parliament, which, rumor says, will eventuate during the present week, will see a general exodus of those whose duties at present will not permit them to shake the dust of the city from their feet. During the past week those who have betaken themselves to cooler climates are the Misses Hanbury-Williams, who, with Miss Lewin, left on Tuesday for Metis; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bate and family, who also left on Tuesday for their summer residence at St. Patrick's; Mr. and Mrs. Lake Marler, who have gone to spend the summer at Knowlton, Que.; Mrs. T. H. Fleming and family, who are occupying their summer residence at Fernbank, near Brockville; Mrs. W. H. Davis and Master Davis, who, accompanied by Miss Louise MacDonald of Montreal, Miss Adele Gorman, Miss Alice Lamothe, Miss Dawson, and Miss Devlin of Aylmer, have gone to Lake McGregor, where they will stay at Mrs. Davis' residence; Mrs. J. B. and Miss Isobel Fraser, who will spend the months of July and August at Gloucester, Mass.; Mrs. Fred Booth and family have also gone to Massachusetts for the hot months, Allerton being their destination. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, accompanied by Miss Frances Heron of Toronto, who has spent the winter in Ottawa, left on Friday to spend the summer at Blue Sea Lake, to which picturesque point Mrs. Dale-Harris and family also went during the week.

Notwithstanding the fact that Ottawans are hurrying off in such large numbers, the Capital is still sufficiently attractive to enable us to welcome many visitors amongst us, and recently quite a number have arrived in town. Miss Denzil of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Ahearn for the month of July, having arrived on Saturday; Mrs. and Miss Cameron of Chicago have come to spend part of the summer with Mrs. Hamnett Hill, in Bronson avenue; Mr. George Creelman, president of the Agricultural College of Guelph, and Mrs. Creelman, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. James Mills, and later on will proceed on a trip down the St. Lawrence; Miss Hilda Marler of Montreal is with her sister, Mrs. Gerold Boulton; Commissioner and Mrs. Perry of Regina are in town, the guests of Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver; Mrs. J. F. Patton of London, England (formerly Miss Ethel Hendry) arrived recently by the steamship "Tunisian," and will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Hendry of 231 Waverley street. The Misses Calvert, daughters of the M. P. of Strathroy, are paying Mrs. William Surtees a visit at present, and will remain until Parliament

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Grist From Grimsby.

Dominion Day was a great day at Grimsby Park. Though the sky was somewhat overcast in the morning, the day turned out to be an ideal one for a summer day's outing. The good people of the Christian and Missionary Alliance started in early with a morning watch at 6.30. About nine o'clock the Wardells began to swarm in, and when the "Argyle" arrived—about eleven—the Wardell contingent had reached its climax as far as numbers were concerned. An hour or so was spent in friendly social greetings, and after the lunch-baskets had been somewhat lightened of their contents, addresses were delivered by the leading members of this family organization.

The services of the Christian and Missionary Alliance were well attended by the Toronto visitors while they remained, and from the first good congregations have greeted the various speakers who have had charge of the services. The convention, should the weather prove at all favorable, promises to be one of the best ever held in Canada.

At the Lakeview are registered Mrs. A. H. Simpson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Rev. and Mrs. Chown, Miss Chown, Miss I. G. Smith, Miss T. Fredburgh, Mr. Irving Smith, Mr. Stanley Bartlett, Dr. G. L. Palmer, Rev. J. Salmon, Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer, all of Toronto, with a number of others from all over Canada and the States. At the Park House are Mr. W. E. McCaul, Mr. John H. Robinson, Mrs. A. M. Hazard, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. M. C. Curry, Mr. James Ashworth, Mr. and Mrs. McClain, Mr. W. W. Evans, Mr. Herbert Cox, Mr. John Suester, Miss Ethel Collins, Miss May Richmond, Mr. G. P. Webb, Mr. Christopher Hillock, Mr. W. H. Parr, Mr. A. P. Watson, Mr. H. P. Carpenter, Mr. Hall P. Jones, Miss K. Meath, Mr. S. W. Clemens, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mrs.

W. Culling, and Mr. A. G. Ward, all of Toronto, and numerous guests from outside cities and towns.

Just a Bite of a Cherry.

An Englishman, smoking a pipe, sat in a club-car on a Western train. There were several travelling men near by. They were discussing themselves and telling how good they were.

"I suppose," said one, "that I have about as long a trip as any one in the business. I go from Boston to San Francisco twice a year."

"Oh," said another, "I beat that. I cross the continent twice every year, and I take in Canada!"

The Englishman listened intently. He was interested. "By the way," said one of the drummers to him, "what is your business?"

"Oh," the Englishman replied, "my name is Douglass, and I come from London. I am a travelling man myself."

"What is your line?"

"Carpets."

"Have you got much territory?"

"Oh, not much," the Englishman replied modestly. "Only North America and Africa."

"Success."

Couldn't Say Things.

Mrs. Church—Did you think the automobile has come to stay?

Mrs. Gotham—Only one game. He said it was the hardest he ever played in his life!

"How so?"

"Why, he played with a minister!"

"Modern Society."

Thought it Had Come to Stay.

Church—Don't you think the automobile has come to stay?

Gotham—Well, there was one out in front of my store, to-day, which I thought had; but they got a horse after a while, and got it away after it had been there about four hours. Yonkers "Statesman."

closes, and Miss Muriel Jordan of Buffalo is with her aunt, Mrs. Alex Simpson.

Entertainments, although few and far between of late, have not been totally given up for the season, and several pleasant little teas were features of the week's social events. Among them was one at which Mrs. Crombie was the hostess, given as a farewell to Mrs. McNachten of Calgary, who, with her husband, Hon. Frank McNachten, is shortly sailing to spend the summer in England and Ireland with relatives of Mr. McNachten's.

Another bright little tea was Mrs. Ahearn's on Monday, given in honor of Mrs. Palmer of St. John, N.B., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. E. Danson for a short time.

A jolly little yachting party was given by three young bachelors, Mr. Harry Walkem, Mr. E. T. B. Gilmore, and Mr. Fitzsimons, on Dominion Day, and a sail on Lake Deschenes, Aylmer, was very much enjoyed by their guests, who included Mr. and Mrs. Lafontaine Haycock, the Misses Amy and Josephine Haycock, the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate, Miss Kathleen O'Hara, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara of Wilbrod street, Miss

Katharine Foster, Miss Muriel Jordan, Miss Nahni Power, Mr. Montague Bate, Mr. Shanley Sherwood, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Charles Jeffrey, and Mr. William Heli of Montreal.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, July 9, 1906.

Well-Known War Correspondent Revisits Eastern Battlefields—Party to Travel Canadian Pacific Route.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known artist-correspondent and worldwide traveller, is arranging to take out a party of four or five to the Far East to visit the battlefields of the Liaoting Peninsula, including Port Arthur, returning to Europe via China, Japan, and Egypt, for the purpose of visiting Khartoum and the battleground of Omdurman. The party will then, travelling by way of the Nile, arrive in Lower Egypt for the Cairo season. The itinerary of the tour will be kept as nearly as possible to the following lines, which have been carefully arranged so that the travellers may enjoy the most favorable weather in each country visited. Leave England the beginning of August by the Canadian Pacific route, arriving in Manchuria early in September; return via Korea and Japan, arriving in the latter country during the glorious maple

season. Leave Japan for China in December, thence via the Straits Settlement to Aden and Port Sudan, where the battlefields of the Eastern Sudan will be visited; then leave for Upper Egypt, arriving in Cairo toward the end of January.

Very Like It.

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car, says a writer in "Youth." Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?"

"Tourse I do," he returned, sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer."

A Fraud.

"The lines in your hand indicate," said the fortune-teller, "that you will be married a second time." "Pshaw," she angrily retorted, grabbing for the dollar she had just laid upon the table, "you're an old fraud. If I'm ever married again it will be the fourth time."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Worst Kind of Oversleeping.

Backlots—Does your servant girl oversleep herself? Subbubs—Not only that, but she oversleeps us.—Philadelphia "Press."

The men who look as if they had good, red blood in their bodies—and know what the joy of living means—are men who take a morning glass of ABBEY'S SALT.

There's a moral in this for YOU.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25¢ AND 60¢ A BOTTLE.



Banking for Women.

The Crown Bank of Canada has just issued a handsome booklet, copies of which are being sent out with the compliments of Mrs. E. B. B. Reesor, manager of the women's department. The booklet gives the advantages to women of the unique departure on the part of the Crown Bank, which gives women an opportunity of keeping a bank account under circumstances that make it a pleasure rather than a matter of perplexity and worry.

HERR KUBELIK'S VIEWS.

His Belief in the Musical Taste of the Smaller Cities.

Kubelik, the great violinist, recently made the statement that he found more true musical appreciation in the smaller cities and towns of the United States and Canada than in the great musical centers. Of course there may be a modicum of exaggeration in this; still the progress of musical education in America during the last few years has been phenomenal. In Canada the musical fever is rampant, greatly to the advantage of the country. Down in Windsor piano and voice teachers of standing are much in demand. Since Mr. H. Whorlow Bull opened a studio there his time has been fully occupied, for not only has he a high standing in Detroit, where also he has a studio, but he is the director of the Choral Societies of Windsor, Walkerville, and Harrow, and organist of the Central Methodist church, Windsor. Mr. Bull is an Englishman, and has been associated with the choir of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's cathedral before coming to this country about a year ago. His musical taste is undeniable, and his opinion worthy of attention. In a letter written recently to the Toronto firm of Goulay, Winter & Leeming he said: "Permit me to express my entire satisfaction with the Goulay piano. I have used this instrument ever since I opened my studio in Windsor, and, although it has had hard, constant use, it retains that sweet, clear, pure tone that is such a help to vocalists. I congratulate you on the success of the Goulay as a thoroughly musical piano."

Surprising Strike.

One day in Washington recently a group of politicians were talking, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon was reminded of a story:

"There was a friend of mine in Ohio," said he, "who once joyfully sought an oil expert, declaring that he had struck this fluid on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Now, evidently my friend had been in a great hurry, hastily grabbing the first bottle at hand, for when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report:

"Find no trace of oil. You have struck paragonic."—"Woman's Home Companion."

Parry Sound.

Do you know that the 11.30 a.m. train runs daily (except Sunday) by the Grand Trunk to Parry Sound, arriving there 6.52 p.m. No change. Dining and parlor car service.

By same train you can go to Parry Sound and take steamers through the Inside Channel of Georgian Bay. Tourist tickets, going one way and back another, may be obtained at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

A Definition.

"Jinks is a true optimist. Ask him how things are going and he'll always say he can't complain."

"His mere limitations do not make him an optimist. The true optimist is a man who can complain but won't."—Louisville "Courier-Journal."

NOTES FROM NIAGARA

LAST week golfers and golf teas and golf! To-day everyone congregated on the Queen's Royal courts to witness the play for the Canadian Tennis Championship, and devotees of the "royal game" forced to content themselves with a sandwiched "round" between matches, and glad to do it. Goldie, the St. Augustine, Florida, man, is here, and, according to what one hears from the tennis "elect," this means "doings." Mr. Goldie is new to Niagara, but I hear his "back-hand stroke is every bit as strong as his serve," and from the enthusiasm of my informant, judge the statement to be fraught with deadly meaning to those "in the know." Irving Wright is expected to-morrow. Quite ten girls clustered about the register, said so, and Niagara is not glad merely because he is the brother of the American champion. We have learned to "love him for himself alone" up here, even though one has to be more chary with one's money than if one were backing his elder brother. George Wagner and Howard Bissell are entered for the handicap, men known almost as well here on the courts as they are socially in Buffalo; and Miss Day, I believe, is down from the Falls, N.Y. Anyone who was in Niagara last summer will remember that in both golf and tennis the petite New Yorker was in a class quite by herself. So one already anticipates where the crowd will be the day the ladies' championship match is played.

Saturday's interest naturally centered about the old Niagara Golf Club, which had its formal opening that day. The new president of the Ladies' Club, Mrs. Greiner, exquisitely gowned, as indeed she always is, did the honors most graciously, with the assistance of the president's wife, Mrs. Jackson, the president himself, in and out and everywhere among the guests, a most genial host. Being the first formal tea of the season, the women naturally put their best foot foremost, as far as gowns were concerned, so that it was a remarkably smart-looking gathering. Mrs. Hunter was looking particularly well in a handsome black gown and most becoming hat. Mrs. Barnard, another Toronto woman, popular over here, and prominent in the Niagara Tennis and Golf Club, wore pale blue. Mrs. Charles Godfrey (Atlanta) looked well in a striking black and white costume and black hat. Old friends were glad to welcome back Mrs. Geary, who looked her usual charming self, in a simple black gown. Everyone was glad to hear from her of Miss Conley's continued enthusiasm over the Philippines, whither she accompanied her husband early in the year. Morning bridge is the fad over here, so the people are evidently not so much out of the world as we stay-at-homes are inclined to imagine. Mrs. Monroe was another well-gowned woman, who came over with Miss Fell. There were the usual pretty girls buzzing about the tea-table. Miss Gladys Edwards, a last winter's debutante; Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Sarah Lansing, who has taken up the game this season with enthusiasm; Miss Bernard, Miss Edith MacDonald, who came in rather late with a stalwart brother on either side, Mr. MacDonald and the gallant captain, and, latest of all, the "Bank girls," Miss Norah Warren in the simple white frock and hat she always affects; pretty Miss Sizer of Buffalo, in a pink linen suit and a leghorn hat massed with roses; and little Miss Macrae, in a cool summer gown, who is, by the way, one girl in Niagara of whom it may invariably be said that where she is there will an attendant swain be found also.

It is said that "Paradise" afternoon tea, is in high favor with the white-uniformed men from over the way. The "Twelfth," by the way, are fast establishing the reputation for popularity left by the "Eighth," and

are very much en evidence at the bi-weekly hops.

West Point slang is becoming popular, and a girl hears the man who is taking her over to one of the hotel dances allude to it as "dragging a fiendish femme to the hop" with a self-congratulatory smile.

The hop Saturday night was a jolly one. Mr. and Mrs. "Buk" Porter (Grace Sizer) were down with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Porter, in the latter's touring car. They made the run back to Buffalo Monday morning in an hour and twenty-five minutes, which makes one pity train and carriage folk.

A bit of Buffalo news of interest down here is the engagement of Miss Gilbertine Coakley to Mr. Porter Norton. Miss Coakley spent the summer here some years ago at "Pinehurst," with Herbert P. Bissells, and since that time has spent some portion of almost every summer as Miss Sizer's guest, either at the Queen's Royal or at their cottage.

The James Foys and the Bruce MacDonalds are cottagers side by side opposite the Queen's courts, keeping "open house" in their generous fashion, someone always dropping in for a cup of tea on their cool, inviting porches.

Colonel Swayne, lately Governor of Somaliland, passed through here today on his way to British Honduras.

Colonel Swayne has been appointed Governor of the latter place.

The last two evenings have found the cottagers and everyone else clustered about the drawing-room windows on the Queen's Royal verandah. A new orchestra is the present excitement. Torontonians who were over for camp will understand, as one remarked, "There is quite a difference between New York music, and music from some place or other—Pennsylvania!" These are Alice Nielson company men, and an enthusiastic dancer was overheard to say, "If it is like this here, what will it be in the Casino to-morrow night?" and an elder sentimentally replied, "Time will tell."

PRISCILLA.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 10.

Pals of the President.

Colonel Harry Hall, the orator and writer, was in London, riding on top of a bus.

He asked the driver several questions, and then the driver said: "You have not one of us, sir?"

"No," Hall replied, "I am an American."

"Hamerica is a fine place," continued the driver. "Hi lived there once."

"Where?" asked Hall.

"Why, sir, Hi lived in Washington. Hi was coachman for Sir Frederick W. Bruce, when 'e was Minister there, sir. We was most familiar with the hold Grant, sir, when he were President, most familiar."

"How was that?" inquired the astonished Hall.

"Why, sir, my marster was 'is pertickler friend, most pertickler. Many's the night I have driven 'im to the White House and sat there, 'im on the hinside an' me hon the houtside, for 'ours at a time."—"Success."

Feminine Reasoning.

A certain politician was condemning an opponent's argument.

"In such an argument," he said, "the logic of it is absurdly false. It is like the logic of a young woman of Fort Dodge."

"This young woman sat plying the needle one spring morning on the piazza of her pretty little house. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. The husband himself appeared and she said fretfully: 'It is too bad, the careless way the tailor put this button on. This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on for you.'"—Detroit "Free Press."



"Jones is kicking because he only got ten thousand dollars out of the Gotrox estate."

"Was he one of the heirs?"

"No—he was one of the lawyers."

—"Judge."

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The Independent Cigar Manufacturers

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High Life
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Punch

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Por Larranaga

Figaro
Lord Nelson
Partagas
Castaneda

The above brands are made under the personal control and supervision of the oldest cigar manufacturers in Cuba, thus retaining for each its own individuality. To be had at all the leading Cigar Stores throughout Canada. Chas. Landau, P.O. Box 692 Montreal, Sole representative for Canada.



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"HIGH LIFE" "BOCK" "VILLAR VILLAR" "PARTAGAS" "LA CORONA" "OTERO" "HENRY CLAY" "UPMANN" "CABANAS" "J. S. MURIAS" "LA AFRICANA" "MANUEL GARCIA" "LA MERIDIANA" "BOLIVAR" "PEDRO MURIAS"

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PERFECTION

is that condition of absolute completeness to which many aspire, which few attain, which none can surpass.

SUCCESS

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Useless.

"Now then, Sarah," said her mistress with a look in her face that the servant had learnt to know and to dread, "I really can't allow you to keep company with so many young men. First it's the policeman, then it's the butcher and grocer's assist-

ant, and now it's the baker's man. You waste hours in the week gossiping and idling. I saw the baker's man kiss you this morning. I really shall have to go down and take in the bread myself in future."

"T wouldn't be no use, mum," said Sarah, with a toss of her head; "he

wouldn't kiss you, he promised 'e'd never kiss anyone else but me!"—"Answers."

"What do you think causes the lashing of the waves?" "It may be the work of the white-caps."—Baltimore "American."